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[THE CAPTAIN A MYSTERY.]

## THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

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"Only Country Love," "The Gipsy Peer," "Fickle Fortune," etc., etc.

### CHAPTER XVI.

These be strange doings!  
A riddler might read them if chance  
Were with him.

Butler.

It is not to be supposed that Captain Howard Murpoint had deserted his post of observation at this critical time on a matter of no moment. The captain had commenced to play his game in earnest, and that he might be able to throw down one of his trump cards he had declared his intention of riding over on the chestnut to the market town of Tenby.

Had he even been aware that Mr. Leicester would carry out his yachting intentions on that day it is probable that he would still have kept to his plan, for the captain was a firm believer in the proverb "Delays are dangerous," and once assured that a step was necessary never hesitated about taking it.

Consequently, after breakfast he mounted the chestnut and rode off, waving his white, well-gloved hand to the ladies, and smiling with the serenity of a mind at ease and a heart innocent of guile.

On his way through the village the smile sat upon his features and beamed out upon every one he came across.

He stopped, like an amiable gentleman, at the "Blue Lion," to exchange a word with Polly; he tossed a threepenny-piece with the air of a Peabody to a child in the gutter, and he gave "good-day" to a policeman lounging at the door in so sweet a voice that the man felt quite uncomfortable.

Then, when he had got beyond the village, the smile disappeared, and the chestnut felt the whip, in which the captain tied three good hard knots, across its sleek sides. It was useless to remonstrate by fib or shy, for

the captain was a good rider, and repaid all such rebellion with good interest in spurs and slashes.

He was in a hurry, and he soon impressed it upon the horse, who tore into Tenby all on fire with surprise and anger at its novel treatment.

The captain stabled his steed, drank a glass of ale at the "Royal George," and then strolled through the town.

It was an old-fashioned place, but there were some good shops, amongst them an apparently well-stocked stationer's.

To this the captain directed his steps, and, sauntering in, purchased some paper and envelopes, also some ink and pens and pencils, and seemed inclined to purchase anything to which the shopman—an obliging fellow—called his attention.

But, though he had got paper, pens, ink, pencils and blotting-pad, and about twenty other articles, the particular thing which he had set his mind upon obtaining was not yet in his possession. At last he began to feel his way. He was going to practise the art of making a suggestion, and pretending that he received it from some one else.

"Is this writing-paper strong?" he asked.

"Yes, sir, it is very good paper," replied the man.

"Hem!" said the captain, "would last a long time, wouldn't it?"

"Oh, yes, sir," said the man. "It is a very durable paper, the best that is made."

"And would stand the water?" asked the captain, carelessly.

"Well," hesitated the shopman, "no paper will do that satisfactorily. Parchment is the only thing that will stand water and damp."

"Oh, parchment!" said the captain, with pleasant interest. "Have you any parchment? I am going to make a list of goods—curiosities, and suchlike—to send over seas, and I am afraid that paper might be destroyed."

"Oh, parchment is the thing, sir," said the man, and he took a roll of the same from a drawer.

"There is some, sir," said he, "but it is rather faded. The fact is we are not often asked for it, and this has been in the house for some time. If it is of any use to you I will charge you less than the usual price for it."

The captain turned it over indifferently, and separated the sheets with his finger.

"No," he said, "I think paper will do." Then he raised his eyes to a shelf behind the shopkeeper's head and said, suddenly: "Is that sealing-wax up there? I think I'll have some."

The man reached a ladder and climbed up for it.

While his back was turned Captain Murpoint skillfully abstracted a sheet of parchment from the heap and slid it into his pocket, coughing the while to cover the sound of the crisp rustle, and flinging his umbrella down upon the remainder so as to account for the sound if his cough had not covered it.

The shopman descended quite unsuspectingly, however, and the captain, having added the sealing-wax and some red tape to his purchases, took his leave, refusing all the obliging stationer's offers to send the parcel home, and carrying it in his hand.

From the High Street he then made a slight divergence to one of the smaller thoroughfares, and sauntered down it with a cigar in his mouth and his parcel under his arm.

At last he paused before a small general shop which displayed in its little window a sample of some of its varied stock. To the captain's comprehensive eye there seemed to be everything in that window from a bottle of brandy-balls to a bonnet shape.

Making his way through the low doorway, he purchased several small articles and then inquired in the most natural manner for a flour dredger.

"I do not know what it is," he added, with a smile, as the good woman looked rather surprised; "but I have been commissioned to purchase one for a lady."

"Certainly, sir," said the woman; and she produced a flour dredger.

The captain examined it with a smile.

"I suppose it is all right," he said, and he had it packed up with his other purchases. Then, still with a humility which all gentlefolks would do well to copy, he insisted upon carrying this parcel also, and dropped it into the capacious pocket of his light overcoat.

With a sigh of absolute relief, for, though the incident was seemingly trivial, he had effected a good deal in obtaining a sheet of parchment and a flour-dredger without attracting attention, he returned to the "Royal George," and sat down to a nice light luncheon.

If after events rendered the captain's proceedings on this day important he felt that he was secure. The stationer, if asked, could swear that he had not sold the captain a sheet of parchment, and the old woman at the general shop could not fairly be expected to remember the sale of a flour-dredger among the thousand and one articles which would pass over her counter.

So the captain enjoyed his luncheon and lit a cigar. When it was half smoked an idea seemed to strike him and, ordering his horse, he mounted again.

On his way home, a very little distance from his route, lay Combe Lodge. The captain was a gallant gentleman, and he thought it would only be a delicate piece of attention if he called to inquire after Lady Lackland's health.

Her ladyship was in, as he had fully expected her to be, and the captain was ushered into the drawing-room.

Lady Lackland was seated by the window, engaged in reading one of the last novels by her favourite author, and received the captain very graciously.

After earnest inquiries after her ladyship's headache the captain gave an amusing and highly coloured account of his trip to Tonby, introducing and inventing half a dozen little serio-comic incidents, which, though they did not occur, highly amused the countess.

"I am sorry Ethel and Fitz are out," she said as the captain rose to go. "I suppose, however, you did not expect to find them at home?"

She smiled interrogatively.

"No," he said, "I was not aware—"

"Indeed!" said the countess. "Did you not know that they were going yachting with Mr. Leicester Dodson and Mrs. Mildmay?"

The captain certainly did not know it, and shrugged his shoulders with a smile.

"No, indeed," he said. "Ah, my dear Lady Lackland, these very young people are so impulsive! They arranged their little pleasure-trip after I had started this morning, seeing that the weather was fine—though" he added, glancing at the window, "I think we may have a storm."

Lady Lackland looked at him thoughtfully.

She was a very clever woman, and, with the sententiousness of her kind, she recognized the same quality in the captain.

As she looked at him while he stood, hat in hand, hand on hip, his shrewd and peculiarly masterful face smiling serenely at the sky, she thought him a man worth conciliation, and perhaps of confidence.

"Mrs. Mildmay has gone," she said. "Mr. Dodson rode over this morning and fetched Fitz and Ethel."

"Oh!" said the captain, significantly. "Very impulsive young man, my dear lady; very excellent, clever young man, but impulsive. He has been badly brought up, in a selfish circle, and I am afraid has acquired a considerable amount of wilfulness, and—shall I add, fickleness?"

"What do you mean?" asked Lady Lackland, with soft abruptness. "Do you think Mr. Leicester is obstinate and a flirt?"

"The very word, my dear lady," said the captain, as softly and sinking into the seat beside her. "I am very interested in Mr. Leicester," he continued, swinging his hat gently and looking up into the countess's face under his deeply pencilled eyebrows. "Very. I could tell you why—perhaps you can guess. To be candid, my dear Lady Lackland, as I told you the other evening, I am poor John Mildmay's oldest friend. I was to have been his daughter's legal guardian; and though his sudden death prevented him bequeathing her welfare to my care I still feel for her the affection and anxiety of a father. Ah, how can I do otherwise when by her every look and gesture, by her every smile and tone he reminds me of my dear lost friend?"

He wiped his moustache and his eyes with his fine cambric pocket-handkerchief, and, after a gentle sigh, resumed:

"I am a blunt, plain-spoken man, my dear lady. I was nurtured in a blunt school. We are a simple-minded, plain-going class in Madras, and I must speak my mind when I see my friend's child in danger of the enemy."

Lady Lackland, whose eyes had been averted, sought his face with a mild but astute look of inquiry.

"Understand me," he hastened to add. "When I say 'enemy' I do not mean to designate Mr. Leicester Dodson, but the class he represents. I know of no greater misfortune for a simple, natural, and I may say good-looking girl like Violet Mildmay than an intimacy, to describe it in no warmer terms, with a handsome flirt like Leicester Dodson."

He paused. The countess, who was intensely interested, managed to conceal her eagerness by a languid smile and leant back.

"One cannot suppose for one minute," continued the captain, "that a man of the world like Leicester Dodson can entertain any serious intention of making a proposal to Violet. No, my dear lady; men of his class strike at higher game." He paused, and did not fail to notice the sudden drooping of the wily countess's eyelids. "They, or their fathers, have made money by trade, and with that money they desire—nay, they look to purchase rank. It is their ambition. They have it instilled into them with the food of their infancy; they look forward to it as the final goal of their endeavours. Yes, Leicester Dodson intends to marry rank, and," he continued, in a lower voice and with a subtle significance, "and will do so if some foolish flirtation does not act as a stumbling-block."

The countess raised her face languidly. She understood the captain, and she began to see that he was on her side.

He meant by his delicate confidence to warn her that if the flirtation between Leicester Dodson, the millionaire's son, and Violet Mildmay, the merchant's daughter, were not stopped the countess would lose the aforesaid Leicester and his money-bags for her daughter, Lady Ethel.

Oh, yes, she understood him, and she was anxious enough to stop it, and to secure the golden goose—but how?—but how?

The captain continued:

"I may describe the position of Violet as very similar, yet with a difference. She, my dear lady, though I, so biased and partial, should not give it utterance perhaps, is a most charming and lovable girl; but she is simple—simple in the extreme, unsophisticated. She would be the first to be led away and deceived into thinking a foolish flirtation, a misadventure day's flirtation, a serious love affair and a binding engagement. Now I am sure that must not be. No, she is reserved and intended for a different and may I say a happier and more suitable fate?"

"Often and often have I heard my dear friend John declare that his daughter should win for herself a coronet fitting for her beauty and her wealth. It was the ambition, the object of his life. 'My daughter shall be a lady, Howard,' he has said to me many and many a time when we have been smoking a cheroot under the verandah of his Calcutta home, 'my daughter shall be a lady, and all I pray for is that I may live to be grandfather to a lord.' Do not despise him, my dear lady; it was a pardonable, a worthy ambition, and far be it from me to smile at his darling wish who have in my own composition so great a respect for the nobility of my native land."

"Not only to me but to others he has given expression to that wish, and the last time I saw him—that eventful morning when he sailed, in health and spirits, for England—he used the same words, uttered the same prayer. So you see, my dear Lady Lackland, that if Violet reverences her dead father's wish and bears within her heart one scrap of love and respect for his dying wish, she will not modify it by marrying Leicester Dodson or any other commoner; unless," added the captain, "she were carried away by those feelings which are mistaken by inexperienced girls for the promptings of love."

Lady Lackland mused for a minute or two, then she said, with a peculiar smile:

"It is a pity you are not her legally constituted guardian, Captain Murpoint."

The captain smiled, sighed, and shook his head.

"I am spared a tremendous responsibility," he said, rising, and preparing for his last stroke. "I suppose the young people will be home soon. The clouds are getting thicker and darker. By the way, did you say that Mr. Leicester Dodson came over himself this morning?"

"Yes," said the countess.

The captain smoothed his hat.

"I hope you will not think the less of him for what I have said, my dear lady."

"Oh, no!" said Lady Lackland, "not in any way. Besides, you have not said much," she added, "only that he is somewhat of a flirt."

"And that you have noticed yourself?" said the captain, with ill-concealed eagerness—"you who

have so many better opportunities of observing him in the society which you so much adorn."

"Yes," said Lady Lackland, "I think perhaps that he is a flirt. He would be a very eligible young man if he were a little more steadfast; but one cannot put old heads on young shoulders, Captain Murpoint."

"No, no," said the captain. And with a delicate emphasis he shook hands and took his leave, repeating to himself Lady Lackland's reply as he went. It was not a very important one; but we shall see how by deftly twisting and turning it Captain Murpoint effected a great deal with it.

## CHAPTER XVII.

The serpent while it charmed by grace and beauty  
Stung the fair bosom and by its vile arts  
Wrecked fond hopes and good intentions.

As the captain rode home the storm gathered and broke upon him.

The wind nearly blew him from his horse and the rain saturated him.

He had seen it coming while sitting in Lady Lackland's drawing-room, instilling cunning and ambitious hope into her ready ears, but he had not contemplated the proximity or its force.

He was astonished at its violence, and made extremely thoughtful and anxious.

"They will get it tremendously hot out at sea," he muttered. "I'll go on to the cliff and look about."

And, with a grave and curious expression on his face he put his startled and affrighted horse towards the cliffs.

When he had proceeded almost to the edge he could see very little, for the blinding rain beat across his face and cast a mist over the sea-scapes, but he could hear the roar of the waves and catch the gleaming of the white foam heads occasionally.

"Very hot!" he muttered again, growing pale and red by turns, as a multitude of conflicting emotions, good and evil, rose within him.

He turned his horse and rode straight for the Park. Here he found the servants in a state of confusion and alarm, and learnt that the ladies had not yet come home.

Without dismounting he galloped down the steep hill to the beach, which presented a picturesque scene enough, but a sufficiently significant one.

Just within reach of the spray stood a small crowd composed of the fishermen and their wives and children and the principal part of the village.

Lower down, and seemingly in the foremost waves themselves, were Willie Sanderson and two or three of his mates, vainly endeavoring to launch one of the boats.

By their side, in close and agitated conversation with Mr. Starling, was Jemmie, Sanderson's lame brother.

The captain spurred his horse across the stones and shouted, loud enough to be heard above the roar of the waves:

"Has the yacht come in?"

Willie Sanderson shook his head, and significantly pointed seawards.

Jem Starling came up and touched his hat and, bowing hoarsely in the captain's ear, said:

"No, she ain't come in, sir, and those chaps be all in a regular state about her. They say—"

But the captain was too anxious as to the situation to receive anything second-hand, and beckoned imperiously to Willie Sanderson, who came up to him.

"Do you think there is any danger?" asked the captain, in a voice slightly tremulous.

Willie Sanderson shook his head gravely.

"Can't say exactly, sir. All depends upon where she be. I knows as the skipper said they were to sail south and tack round. If so be they have, why then they're close agin the North Reef by now, and—"

"Well, well?" asked the captain, with feverish eagerness.

"Well, then may Heaven help 'em!" said Willie, solemnly.

The captain's white, strong hand clutched the reins tightly, and his thin lips compressed with restrained emotion.

If the yacht were on the North Reef she would be wrecked, and in all probability Violet, her aunt, and Leicester Dodson, Fitz and Lady Ethel would be drowned.

All the eventualities, the results, and the personal consequences of such a fatality rushed through the captain's brain, and Jem, who was standing by the horse's head, watching his master, saw a gleam of fendish joy flash across the pale, masterful face. Perhaps the captain knew that he had seen it, for the next instant his face had assumed a look of alarm and



anxiety, and, with a burst of excitement not altogether feigned, he flung himself from the saddle, shouting: "Launch the boat! We must go to her. Who volunteers?"

The men looked out to sea, then shook their heads. "No boat could live in this, sir," shouted Willie Souderson, "and if she could by the time we'd get to the North Reef the storm would be over. Lookoo now, it's clearing off a bit to northward."

Then the captain gave way to a paroxysm of grief that might well have deceived a more acute and experienced observer than the simple fisherman, and which did, indeed, deceive Jim Starling.

The captain clasped his hands, and flung himself on his knees as if praying to Heaven for the lives of his dear friends, and at last burst into tears, while he in vain endeavoured to conceal behind his white handkerchief. "After a while, and when the darkness and fury of the storm had somewhat abated, the warm-hearted gentleman rose and buried himself in a more practical way."

He ordered some of the men to run up the cliffs and help to look out, while he despatched Jim to the Park to see that fires were lighted in the ladies' rooms, and that refreshment was prepared: for of course it was far beyond dinner time, and that meal, much to the captain's secret disgust, was spoiled.

The storm abated and passed off as rapidly as it had gathered and broken, and the wet crowd, about an hour afterwards, had the extreme pleasure of describing a white speck on the horizon, which soon grew to be the familiar form of the "Petrel."

She sailed in, with all her canvas crowded, looking as unconcerned as a swan on a lake after an April shower, and the crowd burst into a cheer of mingled excitement and admiration.

But the captain had determined that there should be a little display of emotion, and therefore when the "Petrel" ran into the little rude harbour he hurried forward and sprang on to her deck, his two hands outstretched to grasp Violet and Mrs. Mildmay with his face pale and grateful.

"My dear Violet"—it was the first time he had so addressed her, and even in the excitement of the moment and the whirl of her own feelings Violet and some of the others noticed it—"my dear Violet, how alarmed, how dreadfully alarmed I have been. Thank Heaven you are safe. My dear madam, you must be exhausted," and so with soft but emphatic gratitude and anxiety he went from one to the other of the ladies, while Leicester, in command of the vessel, was seeing that all was made secure.

When he was free, he turned to where Fitz and Bertie were assisting the ladies to alight and eyed the captain with a calm, keen scrutiny.

"Alarmed, were you, Captain Murpoint?" he said in his grand, clear voice. "What would you have been if you had been fated to be with us?" and a slight sneer curled his lip.

"Not so much alarmed or so anxious," said the captain, with a smile that was a finished piece of calm reproach. "For I should at least have had the satisfaction of sharing in the danger of my friends."

Leicester smiled grimly and stooped to lend Violet his hand over the gangway.

"A poor satisfaction, captain. There was not much danger, or if there was it did not last long. The 'Petrel' will see out many a worse summer gale than this. But I am sorry," he added, addressing Mrs. Mildmay with a much more eager tone in his voice, "I am so sorry you should have been so alarmed and made so uncomfortable! What can I say or do to win your forgiveness?"

"Oh," said Mrs. Mildmay, good-naturedly. "I was not very much alarmed, indeed I did not know of the danger till it was passed. And I was not uncomfortable; Violet need not have been either had she been less wilful. I am sure it was very comfortable in the cabin, much more comfortable than on deck in the wet: I hope she will not catch cold," and she glanced affectionately to where Violet was standing on the beach talking in short monosyllables to the captain, who was enveloping her in wraps and overwhelming her with paternal attentions.

Leicester's eyes followed in the same direction, and as he looked at the beautiful face, so pale and dreamy, heavy with the fatigue of past excitement, his soul seemed to go out of his eyes and off to her.

She turned and met his gaze, but the colour did not reach her face, though her heart stirred.

"Miss Mildmay seems very tired," said Leicester, in a low voice. "I hope the day and excitement will not be too much for her. I—I think," he added, gravely, "that the sooner she gets home the better. And—ah, here is the carriage," he said. And he ran up the beach as the carriage, which had ordered drove up to the parade.

He held the door as Mrs. Mildmay and Violet entered, but though his dark eyes sought hers Violet's made him no return, and her "good bye," was as dreamy and indistinct as her gaze.

Leicester returned to the "Petrel" to assist Lady Ethel in a state of mind not enviable.

He, so calm, so self-reliant, could not understand and properly estimate the force of a new emotion upon a young spirit innocent as yet of all passions and mental throes.

"I'll drive you home, Lady Ethel, if you are too tired," he said, "but if you are not my mother will be delighted beyond measure to make you comfortable. What do you say, Fitz? Will you take refuge with us for to-night? I'll ride over to Coombe Lodge and set Lady Lackland's fears at rest."

Now Fitz was very willing to stay so near Violet Mildmay, and Ethel was not unwilling though she demurred.

But Leicester's strong will decided for them, and it followed that they were on their way to the Cedars while he was galloping towards Coombe Lodge to apprise Lady Lackland of her children's safety and their whereabouts, also to order a box of clothes, which Ethel declared was positively necessary.

The captain's attentions continued during the journey home and even to the door of the ladies' rooms, for he insisted that they should take precautions against colds, and in his quiet, unassuming way saw that their comforts were attended to.

So it followed that Violet's maid was waiting with hot water, a fire lit to roast an ox, and an amount of commiseration altogether too much for Violet's patience.

The first thing she did was to throw up the window and lean out upon her white, well-rounded arms, the next, after inhaling a long breath of the storm-freshened air, was to request Marie to suppress the fire as quickly as possible.

"But, miss, the captain was most particular—"

"In scorching me alive. Take the coals off or I shall be suffocated," said Violet, quietly, adding, with some slight irritation: "Did Captain Murpoint request you to make all this fuss?"

"Well, now I'm sure, miss, he has been very kind, and if you'd seen him when I told him you hadn't come home I'm sure you wouldn't be put out. I never saw a gentleman go so white, and he say nothing but turns round and dashes off to the beach like a madman, and him as wet through as a cork. And Mr. Starling says as how his master went on most affecting to see down on the beach."

Violet was mollified, and felt that she was both ungrateful and irritable.

"I am very sorry he should have been so frightened," she said; "we were quite safe, and it was kind of him to take so much trouble about the hot water and the fires, and you are a thoughtful girl, Marie; but," she continued, with a charming air of desperation, "I can't stand the fire, and I am not going to have a hot bath, so please take the coals off and get the hot water out of the room as soon as possible, for the steam sets me boiling."

So Marie picked off the coals daintily and walked away with the hot water, and directly she had gone Violet slipped the bolt on the door and dropped down upon the bed with a long-drawn sigh.

"My darling! my darling!" Did he say that to me or was I dreaming? Oh, no, he never could have said it. I must have been dreaming, I did nearly faint, and so I must have fancied that he said so. He could not; it is not possible. He has never been anything else but grave and courteous, he would not forget himself in a moment; his is not the kind of nature—no, no, it is absurd! And she sighed and smiled.

"I cannot think what is coming to me lately. I am all fancies and dreams and nonsensical imaginings. First I fancy I see a villain in my father's oldest friend, then I fancy I see a ghost in the old tower, and now, the maddest thing of all, I fancy I hear a grave, well-bred gentleman like Leicester Dodson address me as 'his darling!' Oh, it is absurd!"

Here Marie knocked at the door, and after her summons had been repeated a score of times Violet with a sigh cast her thoughts down the wind and unbolted the door.

A dinner—partly fresh and partly a rechauffé of the ruined one—was served up, and the captain did his best to raise the spirits of the ladies.

Mrs. Mildmay, whose very ignorance of nautical matters had preserved her from alarm, was very cheerful and praised the yacht and all pertaining to it with liberal amiability, and, as for the storm, why, if Violet did not take cold, which after her warm bath she would not be likely to, it only added a zest to the trip.

Violet smiled with grave amusement, and did not think fit to enlighten her aunt as to the fate of the hot water, and the captain chimed in as usual from his leaning-post outside the verandah, where he smoked a cigar of an evening within speaking distance of the ladies inside.

"Nothing more delightful, my dear madam," he said, watching the curling smoke from his cigar with

one eye and Violet's face where it lay nestling against a blue velvet cushion with the other, "nothing more delightful than a yachting trip, and the storm, as you say, only added a little interest to the affair. I must confess, however, that for us who were waiting your return the interest was rather of the painful kind. But," he continued, relaxing into his light and airy manner, and puffing the smoke from his lips in fantastic wreaths, "danger after it has passed, they say, is a fresh source of delight, and certainly there is exquisite pleasure in seeing you look back on the wet with not even wet feathers. As to Mr. Leicester, why, all I can say is that he is a perfect Admirable Crichton: he can do anything and everything, from curing a dog's bad leg to sailing a yacht in a storm."

Violet, whose face was as serene and dreamy as the sky, and not unlike it in its pearly bloom, moved lightly, and he knew that she was not asleep.

"He's just the sort of man to catch random hearts flying about for shelter. He is handsome, strong, courageous, and well-mannered."

"Indeed, he is a very nice young fellow," said Mrs. Mildmay, wondering whether his elaborate eulogium of Leicester Dodson was tending; "and I like him very much."

"So does every one," said the captain, smoothly, puffing at his cigar and turning a little so that he could see the pale face with greater ease. "So does everyone. He is just the kind of man to be popular with all, though he is at first acquaintance rather reserved and—well, grim. I called at Coombe Lodge this morning," he said, with a pause which he filled up with his cigar.

"And how is Lady Lackland?" asked Mrs. Mildmay.

"Better I found her, I am glad to say, much better. The earl had not come down yet; Parliamentary duties kept him in town I suppose. Pity, a great pity. The peasant in his cot, beneath the blue sky and on the heather-covered hill, is to be envied by an earl in London this weather. By the way," he continued, glancing at Violet and speaking in a low tone as if he were anxious not to awake her, "I heard of rather a damaging trait in Leicester's character."

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Mildmay, very much interested, and looking up from her knitting.

"Yes; Lady Lackland knows more of him than we do, of course; she sees him at balls and concerts, at friends' houses and parties; meets him often, and has good opportunities of observing him. And of course she does observe him you see," said the captain, with engaging frankness, "because it is Lady Lackland's duty as a mother to observe the characters of the young men with whom her daughter may be brought in contact."

"Of course," murmured Mrs. Mildmay, with a gentle sigh. "And what did you find so disagreeable in Mr. Leicester Dodson?"

"Oh, as to disagreeable," said the captain, with a smooth laugh, "I daresay nine out of ten would find the trait a most agreeable one, especially if the nine were young ladies. Mr. Leicester Dodson, so I hear, is a terrible flirt."

He paused as he said the words slowly and with musical emphasis, as if he knew the charge was a very light one and was merely talking to while away the time and amuse Mrs. Mildmay.

"Oh, dear me, I am sorry to hear that," said Mrs. Mildmay, shaking her head over her knitting and entirely unconscious of the sudden pallor which had fallen upon the motionless face opposite her and which the captain had quickly noted.

"Yes, not very dreadful, is it? and yet we Indians used to think it amounted to a crime for a man or a woman to trifle with the sacred things of the heart for the amusement of an hour. But different societies have different views of looking at things. Flirtation is the fashion now, I am told, and Mr. Leicester Dodson, as a man of the fashion, only follows its rules."

"Oh, but I did not think that of him," said Mrs. Mildmay. "Did Lady Lackland tell you any more, give you any instance?"

"Well," hesitated the captain, with charitable hesitation, "it is not fair to accuse the young fellow—as nice a young fellow as ever lived!—behind his back, but I do hear two or three stories of broken hearts and scattered vows—but nothing very tangible. But be sure Lady Lackland would not have mentioned it if she had not some grounds for regretting it."

"Regotting it?" said Mrs. Mildmay, who could never see through hints and innuendoes and always required things to be as plain as plate-glass.

"Don't you see, my dear madam," said the captain, lowering his voice to a musical pitch, which was as distinct as a trumpet-call to the ears of the motionless girl, "don't you see that the young fellow is really in love with Lady Ethel and that he would win

her bat for Lady Lackland's doubt of his steadiness. A flirt, my dear madam, is to be evaded by every prudent mother and every sensible girl."

Violet rose, white and statuesque.  
"I was nearly asleep," she said, looking round the room with a sad, stupefied look in her eyes of dumb pain, like some one roused to a sense of a lifelong misery. "I—I am very tired, aunt, and I think I shall go to bed."

The captain was by her side, ringing for her candle, in a moment, and she smiled—yes, smiled, at him as he pressed her hand and murmured a good-night.

Brave Violet! what did that smile cost her?

She had heard every word, and every word rang in her ears and stabbed at her breast when she lay her head on her pillow.

A flirt! A flirt! He loved Lady Ethel and was only amusing himself with her, Violet Mildmay! Oh, bitter truth and shameful! She, proud Violet, who had felt oceans of contempt for weak-minded girls enslaved by men, to be the sport of a flirt!

She could not cry, because her hot heart burnt up its tears, but she buried her face and prayed for strength and opportunity to prove to the false-hearted deceiver that he had misread his mark and met his match.

And the captain? He went to bed in the best of humours, and when he had dismissed his faithful Jem he unlocked the drawers in which he had deposited his purchases and smiled and chuckled at them after a fashion apparently unreasonable enough to convince a spectator that he was out of his mind.

But the captain was in perfect possession of his senses and knew the value of that small parcel of stationery and the tin flour dredger.

While Violet was lying awake and burning with mortification and a wounded heart Jemmie Sanderson was down on his knees beside his straw pallet in the policeman's cot thanking Heaven for the safe return of his benefactor and greatly worshipped Leicester. He loved Leicester with a love that passed all calculation. He had stood unnoticed in the crowd, close to the ladies and gentlemen, when they had landed and, unseen by Leicester, he had stood close behind him, weeping his childish heart out with happy tears of joy and gratitude.

So the two, woman and boy, were at the same time enduring widely different feelings for the same man.

Life is full of strange contradictions.

(To be continued.)

BLONDIN is making a fortune in Australia. His nightly receipts for three consecutive weeks averaged the magnificent sum of 6000.

REFORM IN RAILWAY TICKETS.—Within the last few days communications have been made to all the leading railway companies by an important commercial organization in London, urging the desirability of in future printing on each railway ticket issued the amount of fare which it represents. Some of the companies have given a favourable consideration to the suggestion.

THE parochial authorities of Richmond-sur-Thames are at loggerheads with Prince Teek, who is living at the White Lodge in Richmond Park. The house assesses to the Richmond Union, but the prince objects to consider himself liable for his rates. The house of the Duchess of Cambridge, at Kew, is duly rated, but as it does not stand within the precincts of a royal park the matter is somewhat different.

WILLIAM III. of Holland has completed and signed the purchase of the Hôtel Couteaux, Rue Ducale, Brussels, where his majesty is about to establish a school for singing and lyric declamation for the young pupils whose first musical studies have been made in Holland. This is a private purchase of the king's, who has registered it in the proper office at the Hague. The deed is in French, and has been submitted in due course to the Belgian Minister at the Hague and the Belgian Minister for Foreign Affairs.

SLEEPLESSNESS.—Some one recently gave Prince Bismarck a recipe against sleeplessness; we believe it was onions. This much is, however, certain, whatever good quality there may be in onions sleepless people should court the sun. The very worst soporific is laudanum, and the very best sunshine. Therefore it is very plain that poor sleepers should pass as many hours as possible in the sunshine, and as few as possible in the shade. Many women are martyrs, and yet do not know it. They shut the sunshine out of their houses and hearts, they wear veils, they carry parasols, and they do all possible things to keep off the subtlest and yet most potent influence which is to give them strength and beauty and cheerfulness.

THE CLAIMS OF THE KING OF BURMAH.—The King of Burmah may of course give way when he sees the preparations that are being made to compel

him to settle the boundary question; the Government of India however are arranging for the worst, and it is believed Sir Douglas Forsyth, who has been sent to Mandalay, is invested with very extensive powers, and authorised to insist upon a full renunciation of the claims put forward by the King of Burmah to sovereignty over the portion of the Karen territory lying to the south of Lord Dalhousie's boundary line. If the King should give in, well and good; but, as Lord Dalhousie wrote nineteen years ago, after one of our wars with his majesty, "Of all the Eastern nations with which the Government of India has had to do the Burmese were the most arrogant and overbearing." So every precaution is being taken, and troops have already sailed for Rangoon and Moulmein, and to supply the place of detachments sent up from those towns to the frontier; and, if necessary, these detachments will be followed by others, and probably a European regiment from the Madras Presidency. This regiment alone would be almost enough to bring the King of Burmah to terms.

### HOPE.

'Twas lovely as the splendid bow  
That spans the vault of Heaven!  
'Twas idle as the pageant show  
For infant pastime given.

'Twas like the ruby cloud, which shows  
At sunset, passing fair!  
'Twas beautiful! but reason knows  
'Tis only form'd of air.

'Twas like the echoes, which repeat  
A sad, or cheerful tone—  
The words which thus the ear can cheat  
Are mocking of our own!

'Twas like the moon's ray on the stream  
Reflected, bright and clear!  
The infant's hand would grasp the beam—  
But there is nothing there!

'Twas like the whispers of the air,  
Or forms in dreams we see!  
'Twas like what'er is passing fair,  
Yet only seems to be.

'Twas like the minstrel's raptur'd song—  
A sweet, but useless lay!  
'Twas hope, the meteor, that so long  
Beguil'd my lonely way!

H. T.

### THE "HATTER" PROBLEM.

LAST year one of our Alma-maters published the problem of the hatter and the counterfeit bill. It is as old as the hills. I heard it when a boy—only it was a pair of boots sold instead of the hat. I refer to it now for the purpose of calling attention to the fact that well-trained and clear minds can easily be confounded for a time by very simple propositions. Take the case in hand:

A hatter is waited upon by a man who wishes to purchase a hat. A hat is found to suit him exactly—the price nineteen shillings. The man offers in payment a five-pound bank note. The hatter has no change, and is obliged to go to a neighbour and get it changed. He returns and delivers the hat, and gives to his customer the difference. Before night the person who had changed it brings back the note as counterfeit. Of course, the hatter has to give him five pounds for it. The dishonest customer was not seen again. Now how much did the hatter lose by the operation?

I have heard a vast deal of discussion over this question. The last time I heard the thing mooted was in a friend's shop, where were present two good book-keepers and an accomplished insurance agent. How much did the hatter lose? "Why, five pounds and the hat, of course," said the agent. And the others were wilder than he.

Just take the simplest possible proposition and we have it. The hatter's cash account at night. Or, a second simple proposition. There was but one sharper in the business—what did he make off with? Or, to make it perhaps plainer still, suppose, instead of going to his neighbour to get the note changed, the hatter had happened to have the cash at home, and had gone home and got it. Reckoning up profit and loss from that situation is very simple.

APRIL FOOLS.—The following explanation is given of the origin of the term poisson d'avril, which is applied to our April Fools:—"Every year, in March, the fishermen of Fécamp, Tréport, and Dieppe prepare lines and nets, very sure that about the beginning of the following month, with only a variation of a few days, according to the temperature, they can commence the campaign against the mackerel. Down to the end of the sixteenth century that scoundrel was even frequently designated under the name of April fish, and perhaps to the

circumstance of the shoals sometimes disappointing the fishers in not making their appearance by the first of that month may be traced the etymology, remained hitherto absolutely unknown, of the expression poisson d'avril, the French equivalent for April fool. Whatever may be the value of that suggestion, offered with all due deference to the learned, the fact is that the men of the coast will not this year be disappointed in their hopes, for the shoals have everywhere shown themselves in abundance already, and this early appearance is, rightly or wrongly, regarded by the fishermen as the presage of great heat." This explanation may be contested. The absurdity of identifying the poisson d'avril with the mackerel must be manifest to those who know the class of persons to whom this very uncomplimentary epithet is applied.

### FRENCH ROYALTY LAWS.—ORDER OF SUCCESSIONS.

SUCCESSIONS devolve upon the children or descendants of the deceased person and upon his ascendants and collaterals in the order and according to the rules hereafter mentioned.

Law, in regulating successions, regards neither the nature nor origin of property. Every succession which falls to ascendants or collaterals is divided into two equal parts, one for the paternal, the other for the maternal line. Kindred of half-blood are not excluded by relatives of the whole blood of the same degree; but they only take a share in their own line, that is, paternal or maternal. The whole blood take in both lines. There is no devolution of property from one line to another, except where no ascendants nor collaterals can be found of the two lines.

The first division having taken place between the paternal and maternal lines, no farther division is made among the various branches of the family, but the moiety devolving upon each line belongs to the nearest heir or heirs, except in the case of representation, hereafter explained.

Proximity of heirship is determined by the number of generations, and each generation is called a degree. The series of degrees forms the lines, and the series of degrees between persons descending one from the other is called the direct line; those who do not descend from each other, but from a common ancestor, are collaterals.

There are two direct lines, the descending and the line ascending. The former connects the ascendants with those who descend from him; the latter is the line which connects him with those from whom he descends. In the direct line degrees are counted by the generations between persons; thus, the son with respect to his father is in the first degree; the grandson is in the second; and, in like manner, the father and grandfather with respect to sons and grandsons.

In the collateral line the degrees are reckoned by the generations, from one of the relatives to but not including the ancestor, and from him common downwards to the other relative. Thus two brothers are in the second degree; the uncle and nephew are in the third; first cousins in the fourth, and so on.

Successions devolving upon descendants, children, or their descendants, succeed to their father and mother, to their grandfathers, grandmothers, or other descendants, without distinction of sex or regard paid to primogeniture, or whether they are the issue of different marriages or not. They inherit per capita, when all are in the same degree and in their own right: they take per stirpes when all or some of them succeed by representation.

Civil Laws of France, by D. M. Aldred, Esq.

THERE is at present at the Paris mint a great glut of gold. There is also a great abundance of silver, and it can almost be said that the metal taken out of the country by the payment of the war indemnity has completely re-entered France.

MR. T. A. MITCHELL, whose death the other day caused a vacancy for Bridport, has bequeathed the residue of all his large fortune, which has just been proved under 40,000l., to the Metropolitan Board of works.

NOTWITHSTANDING the large sum appropriated to the equipment of the "Alert" and the "Discovery" for the Arctic expedition, the dockyard officials at Portsmouth find the proposed amount inadequate, and a supplementary estimate of over 7,000l. has been submitted to the Admiralty.

AN ANCIENT TRE.—The oldest English chestnut is that at Fawcett, in Gloucestershire. It measures 19 yards in circumference. It was remarkable for its magnitude in the reign of King Stephen (1135), and was even then called the great chestnut tree of Tortworth, from which it may reasonably be presumed to have been standing before the Conquest (1066). The age of the chestnut varies from 360 to 626 years, so that at the age when the oak is of most value as timber the chestnut is utterly worthless.





[ADRIAN'S PROPOSAL.]

## WINIFRED WYNNE; OR, THE GOLDSMITH'S DAUGHTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

*"The Lost Coronet," "One Sparkle of Gold," etc.*

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

Though no disturbance of my soul,  
Or strong compunction in me wrought,  
I supplicate for thy control;  
But in the quietness of thought  
Me this unchartered freedom tires,  
I feel the weight of chance desires;  
My hopes no more must change their name.  
I long for a repose which ever is the same.

"ARRESTED ON A CHARGE OF FELONY."

The words might well ring in Clarence Seymour's ears like the stunning bombshell of a foe—like the hissing threat of a demon spirit. And for a moment he stood motionless, paralyzed, unable to collect his thoughts, to decide on his mode of action in the unexpected emergency.

But the rude touch of the man whose hand still grasped his arm, and the mingled jeers and sympathy of the crowd, expressed in no veiled or measured language, recalled him to himself.

"Unhand me, fellow! Do you suppose I am a cowardly thief to fly before so ridiculous a charge?" he said, with contemptuous fierceness. "I tell you it is some huge mistake—simply impossible to be in earnest."

"Wrong, fine sir—or my lord, since that is your title—quite wrong," said another voice, which proceeded from the muffled figure he had seen by the sheriff's officer who had presented the warrant. "The whole thing is not only in earnest but admits of proof that you cannot get over. Robbery, like murder, will out, and you are caught at last."

"Scoundrel! it is not the first time I have seen you, it seems to me," exclaimed the young nobleman, bitterly. "However, that will be dealt with hereafter. For the present I demand that you shall accept proper sureties for my appearance. Should you be bold enough to make out your case I can soon furnish it—in a few minutes, or I am much deceived," he added, as the full horror of the situation flashed upon his mind.

"Oh, I have no objection to your seeing your friends, or rather to their seeing you in this miserable plight," returned Adrian Meister, for it was the whilom betrothed of Winifred Wynne who spoke. "But when that is done I scarcely think we shall be any forwarder. I shall certainly object to letting

you go on any ground, till you have had your trial and punishment."

"You are a cowardly rascal!" exclaimed Clarence, in tones that fairly choked with passion. "However, your time will come. Let it be. I can send for my friends to a more fitting place, and claim the protection of the law against your brutal eunty."

He turned to leave the spot, amid the half-hushed murmurs of the crowd, who seemed almost awed at the extent of the charge preferred and the impetuous resentment of the accused.

But ere he had time to descend the steps a sudden movement among the group which thronged round attracted his notice, and looking hurriedly round he saw that the crowd had made a passage for the hasty advance of Lord St. John.

"Why, Seymour, what in the name of saints or demons is all this?" exclaimed the cynical statesman, surveying the scene with an inquisitive smile. "Is there a mock rehearsal of impending dangers?" he added, significantly, "or what have these fellows to do with you?" And he gave a careless look of provoking scorn at the irate Dutchman and his companions in the fray.

Clarence would have faced a cannon rather than St. John's penetrating, mocking glance at such a moment, but he summoned courage to cast off all appearance of faint tremor.

"You are about right, St. John. It is a farce; but, like all other coarse jests, rather annoying for the time being. However, I have no taste for the miserable brawl. I intend to put up with the insult for once. But I shall know how to punish it hereafter," he added, indignantly shaking off the hand that lay upon his arm. "Leave go, fellow! I have given you my word; do you suppose I should break it without some equivalent guarantee?"

"Which I should imagine might be readily made," returned St. John, calmly. "Come this way, my good friends," he added, "this is not quite the spot for lifting up your sweet voices in the air. I am the queen's minister, Viscount St. John. I suppose you may have heard of such a person, and can trust my word."

Adrian would have churlishly refused such interference, but the officer seemed rather daunted at the name, and at once obeyed the nobleman's lead to a sort of waiting-vestibule within the house.

"Now, my men, what is the charge against my friend?"

"Friend! If he is a friend of yours I despise you—lord or no lord!" interposed Adrian, fiercely. "He is a thief and a swindler, and a rebel Jacobite, and if that is a creditable friend I am no true man."

St. John remained perfectly unmoved under the formidable catalogue of crimes, and Clarence obeyed a sign made by him, although sullenly enough perhaps and preserved a cold silence at the insult.

"Ha! well, from your speech, my good man, I should rather fancy you are Dutch born and built also," replied Lord St. John, coolly surveying the citizen's thick-set figure. "But we in England always suppose a man innocent till we know he is guilty, and as it is very unlikely that Lord Clarence could be the criminal you make out I take leave to suspend my judgment. Of course it will be proved which of us is correct in our opinion; but meanwhile I offer my personal guarantee for his safe custody and appearance at the proper tribunal. Will that suffice you?"

"No, never," growled Adrian, fiercely. "And not a dozen such should avail, if I have my will. This man goes to borrow an enormous loan of a true, honest, confiding citizen of London on the security of valuable jewels, which most probably did not belong to him at all. Then he steals in like a thief in the night when the master of the house was from his home, and robs him of the sole security for the thousands he had drawn from the well-gotten wealth of his benefactor. Now, what say you to this honourable 'friend,' my Lord St. John, minister of the queen?" he added, sneeringly.

Lord St. John had stolen more than one furtive glance at Clarence during this burst of violent passion and recrimination, and his opinion was somewhat staggered as he watched the half-indignant mortification which succeeded rapidly to perfect indifference in his face.

"It is not for me to inquire how far this is true, Lord Clarence," he said, quickly; "but if you assert as a gentleman and man of honour that it is a fabrication I at once repeat my offer to be responsible for your appearance at the proper time."

"You mean well, I doubt not, my lord," said Clarence; "but there are circumstances when even a question is an insult. I decline to give any reply or explanation till the time comes when I am called upon by proper authority. I wish you good night. Make my excuses to Lady Lisle," he added, with a sarcastic smile. "The reason for my breach of faith is more powerful than agreeable. Now, men, I am ready," he continued, haughtily.

And he turned from the recess where they had stood with a firm step and a bearing that for the moment actually repressed the insolence of the officer in immediate charge of his person, but which only chafed to a more wild indignation the mad rage of the Dutchman.

"Come then, let us be out of this," observed the official. "I never heard such parley, even where a prisoner of state was concerned. Master Meister, we've nothing more to wait for; the thing lies in a nutshell as far as we are concerned. Come along."

And the Dutchman slowly followed the object of his vengeful hate and the jailer of his person till they reached the end of the short road in which Lady Lisle's mansion was situated.

Here a lumbering coach with two bony horses and a doubtful-looking coachman was waiting, as it seemed, for them, and the officer signed to Lord Clarence to get in.

"We don't disregard your training, you see, my lord," he observed, with a jovial sneer. "You aristocrats are supposed to trust more to other legs than your own from your infancy, so we provided a carriage to conduct you to your new dwelling. I hope you'll like your accommodation."

"So long as it is private and undisturbed I shall think it better than evil company," was the sharp reply. "I prefer solitude in a garret to low, plebeian insolence!"

"Ah, yes, there's a great difference between the aristocrat and plebeian!" sneered Adrian. "One swindles and the other submits to be robbed. I suppose I have a touch of the aristocrat in me, for I don't see any advantage in being lacking in money and friends and peace for the sake of a selfish, heartless rascal. When it comes to hard blows the lowly born may get the best of it, eh, my Lord Seymour?" he laughed, hoarsely.

Clarence did not deign to reply, and the next moment the stopping of the vehicle put an end to the dialogue.

It was a black, dreary abode, to judge from the aspect.

When the coach stopped Clarence gave a sharp glance round, but he could discern but little in the darkness save that there were bars to the windows and a sentinel standing at the low, dark door, who evidently watched the inmates of the building with more than merely friendly zeal.

It was a cold, uninviting view that Clarence obtained of dirty passages and stairs, and he was ushered into a room on the first floor, which was probably one of the best in the house, but that wore a comfortless, dark aspect even in those days of less luxurious habits than modern times.

But such hardships were among the least of the present dangers and apprehensions of the young scion of a noble house, especially as he had been trained in some measure to endure privations in his youthful campaigns.

He gave one glance around him and then said, as imperiously as if he had been lord of a palace instead of captive in a prison:

"I would be alone now. Can my valet be sent for with some change of clothes? These are scarcely fitted for aught but holiday entertainment," he added, glancing at his courtly uniform suit.

"Your clothes can be sent for. There is no menial spy admitted here," replied the officer, abruptly. "Do you want anything else before you lie down? There is your bed in that recess," he added, pointing to a sort of alcove in the room where a rude sort of four-post bedstead, without curtains or feather bed and pillows, was placed.

Clarence glanced round with concealed dismay. "Nothing except a lamp and solitude," he said, haughtily.

"The lamp on the table will burn for some time yet, and the daylight will take its place when you awake, my lord," said the man, taking the speech out of the mouth of the relentless Adrian Meister, as if to mediate between them.

"Lord Clarence Seymour will perhaps not feel even oppressed with slumber," sneered the young Dutchman. "I have something to say to him in private that may contribute to his repose. Leave me, my good man. I will join you anon," he added, blandly, to the officer, as if to illustrate more forcibly the brusque and bitter acerbity of his manner to the luckless prisoner.

Clarence had little option of refusal.

"I thought even a prisoner had right over his cell," he observed, bitterly; "but it is all of one cowardly, base plot against my liberty and my honour. Let the play be played out. It is soon to be at an end and the tables turned on the unscrupulous scoundrels who have plotted and schemed this infamous attack."

"He is raving. It matters not. Leave us, Stephen," said Adrian Meister, with a significant sign to his companion.

The officer nodded assent.

"I shall be in call when you wish to go, Master Adrian. We don't want any more in the lock-up, at least not of your sort," he replied, with a coarse laugh.

And in a moment the two young men were alone.

It seemed to be a combat with the forked lightning of the eyes for the moment.

They remained silent, gazing at each other with hate and impotent mortification playing in every feature.

Lord Clarence seated himself calmly in the wooden chair that was the only resting-place in the comfortable apartment and Adrian leaned heavily against the mantel and fixed his thoughtful, sharp eyes on the refined and expressive face of his hated rival.

"You wished to speak with me; be so good as to dispose of your errand quickly and leave me in peace," said Clarence, breaking the silence sternly.

"If you are in haste to hear my resolve you shall not be disappointed," replied Adrian, angrily. "Lord Clarence, your crimes are heavy enough for vengeance, and what is more, they put you in the greatest danger that a felon under English law can know. Your very rank will add to the odium and the outcry for your punishment. Are you aware of all this, I would ask before I go farther in the matter?" he added.

Lord Clarence gave a bitter, sneering laugh.

"As the whole thing is new to me, good fellow, I really have not had time to take all these pleasant ideas into consideration, but I daresay you are perfectly right if I were in the predicament you suppose."

"If you were, false lord!" said Adrian, fiercely, "if you were? Do not aggravate your guilt by falsehood and perjury. It is on your conscience; you know it, you dare not deny the charge."

"Pray what proof do you bring? What dare you to aver in the wild accusations?" asked the young nobleman, sarcastically.

"More than enough, more than abundant," returned Adrian, sharply. "The evidence of one whom you little wot of, the evidence of a silent witness which can scarcely be doubted. But to leave all that rather to the court whose business it is to hear these convincing proofs," he went on, firmly, "I tell you once for all that you were seen on your guilty errand, you betrayed yourself by the tell-tale proof you left behind, and there is no court in Christendom that would doubt or deny your guilt. It is to give you the chance of sparing all this scandal and disgrace and misery that I am here at this hour instead of leaving you in your lonely and hopeless position," he went on. "Are you willing to hear reason and to accept the offer of friendly help in your straits? It is your last chance."

"Friendly!" said Clarence, scornfully. "There is little question of any amiable feeling from one of your kind, Master Meister, if that is your name. I neither expect nor desire it. And, as for help, the best aid you could give would be the retracting of the black falsities of your accusations."

"You brave it well; but it is wasted breath, my lord," observed Adrian, sneeringly. "If it is so, if I really am the slanderer you make out, you are in little danger. But since you and I both know that such is not the case it might be safer and more rational to accept terms while they are to be had. It may be the last chance you have of such an escape from ruin."

The young nobleman looked at him with an uncomfortable air of doubt and uneasiness.

"If you decide to state your meaning in plain words it will be for me to judge whether you are deceived or deceiving me, Master Meister. I am ready to listen, and indeed a prisoner has but little choice in so doing."

"No; but he may listen with closed ears, my lord," said Adrian, significantly. "I will, however, accept your tacit permission and state what I have to offer and condition."

"Go on," said Clarence, folding his arms as if in preparation to bear some scathing ordeal with stolid firmness.

"Well, then, to shorten what seems so very distasteful, my lord, it is of Mistress Winifred Wynne I would speak."

Lord Clarence gave a slight, contemptuous exclamation.

"What of her? What have I to do with her, I should like to know?" he said, sharply.

"You ought not to have the slightest business with her. You ought not to have given any cause that I should mention her name to your ears," said Adrian, sternly. "But, unhappily, such is the reverse of the case. I demand of you your utter renunciation of any connection with or interest in that damsel, whom you have misled by her own generous heart and your cloying flatteries. Promise me that you will never see her more, that you will reject every chance or opportunity of holding converse or interviews with her, and I will use my utmost efforts for your liberation."

Clarence stared at him in contemptuous rebuke.

"This is madness or insolence beyond compare," he said. "How dare you even suppose that a citizen

tradesman's daughter can have the least interest or attraction for me? that I ever stooped to court or obtain in any degree her favour or society? It's a base falsehood if you assert it."

"Can you deny that you met her at the Lady Churchill's? that you visited and held converse with her at her father's? that she has even within the last few days come to your apartments alone and in disguise? Answer me this, proud lord, and if you can with any reference to your boasted honour assure me it is false then I will cut off the tongue that made the statement."

Clarence was dumb.

He could not deny the facts.

He could scarcely, without base compromises of the girl's delicacy, even assert that it was by her own wish and unsought by him that such interview had taken place.

Whatever Winifred's views had been, whatever her mistakes and her officious zeal, as it seemed to his warped mind at the present moment, it was less than manly to desert her by relinquishing all share in the slight intercourse that had taken place between them.

"Master Meister," he said, at length, "you are in error, totally in error, if you fancy aught has ever existed between Mistress Winifred Wynne and myself save the most respectful and indifferent regard. As for myself, I did not even anticipate that I would have sight or speech of her on the occasions you mention; and, indeed, taking all things into consideration, it was not likely that such ideas would cross my mind. I had no wish, no thought connected with Master Wynne's daughter. So much, in bare justice to her and myself, I must needs say."

Adrian's lips curled immediately.

"Well, supposing I took your word for that, my lord, though, to my ideas, it were nothing wonderful for one much higher in rank than Lord Hauteville's youngest son to admire and covet a maiden less gifted in all respects than the goldsmith's daughter. But, granting this, what say you to her visit to you but a brief space since?"

"That it was an errand of mercy so much foreign to what your coarse mind supposes that I do not imagine you are capable of understanding or rightly appreciating it," was the calm reply.

"In plain English, you mean that she came to warn you of your danger, while yet that danger arose from your having defrauded and injured her own father," sneered Adrian Meister. "And you would tell me that you have no more connection or intention where she is concerned than with her own servant maid! My lord, it is false on the face of it. I want no more such falsehoods. I only want a solemn promise from you that you will never, on any pretext, repeat the wrong you have done. Give me your word not to see or correspond with or seek her company more under any pretext. Let her be as a complete stranger, with whom, as you said but now, all interest and sympathy must be utter madness. Then, when you are thus completely divided and she is safe, I will see what colouring can be placed on your crime to save you from public punishment."

Clarence laughed—absolutely laughed.

"The whole thing is so absurd. I cannot but see an underhand snare in it," he replied. "Master Adrian, I trust you not, and I believe rather in my own innocence, and in the protection of Heaven, than in such glowing words or doubtful aid. I accept nothing but the acquittal I deserve and expect from my judges. I would not steal from punishment as a guilty and disgraced man. You have my answer. I would give you no other did you stay here till morning, so I will pray you to relieve me of your presence."

"Then you have a black, false love for Winifred Wynne, though only to cause her distress and misery," said Adrian, fiercely.

"I have no more to say. I demand at least the privacy of this miserable cell, and I will make it known that it was denied me if you faint the air longer with your presence," said Clarence, sternly.

And Adrian Meister slowly and sullenly withdrew.

Was it the perversity of human nature that made Clarence Seymour dwell on Winifred Wynne's image as he had never done before, now that she was thus insolently denied to his very thoughts?

Was it a natural consequence of his present danger and duration, that he began to reflect on the girl's brave efforts to warn and to save him, the risks she had run, and the slander she had incurred for his sake. His own foolhardiness had made it of no avail, but still she had done all that woman could to avert this calamity from overtaking him.

And Clarence confessed there might be—that there were chivalrous bravery and gratitude in the plebeian blood which flowed in the veins of the goldsmith's daughter.



## CHAPTER XXXIV.

"DORCAS, have you been? have you done my bidding?" asked Winifred, eagerly, of her attendant, as she entered her chamber late on the evening of Lady Lisle's party.

The woman was not dressed in walking attire, but in her ordinary plain neat dress of black stuff and mob-cap with ribbons round its crown, not unlike those that have come into fashion in late days.

And indeed no trace existed of her having left the house or done aught save prepare the simple supper she served up on a tray to her young mistress, with the same care and respect as in the days of Master Wynne's life and the promised wealth of the beautiful young heiress of his home and fortune.

"Yes, dear young mistress," replied the domestic, respectfully. "But I darsay you thought me long in doing my errand, but I had more difficulty than I expected in finding what was suitable for you, and yet within your orders. And, besides, I was detained where I did not expect," she added, more hesitatingly.

"Well, well. I understand, dear Dorcas. You do not suppose I am not aware of all the difficulty in suiting my limited means and what you in your love would think suitable for me. But it will not be long, perhaps," she added. "I must do something for my living, Dorcas, and I do not doubt I shall find some employment. It will divert my mind. I would rather work," she went on, hurriedly.

Dorcas shook her head.

"Ah, poor child, you do not know what it is. You have no idea of the toil and the trouble and fears and mortifications for one like you when they are depending on work for their daily bread. It is different for me, but then I was born to it, and I'm in my right place. No, you shan't do it while I've hands to work for you, and, to speak truth, I've been thinking and seeing about it already."

The girl shook her head, but she knew it was better to rest than to argue with the zealous damsel, and she turned the question differently.

"But you have found something for us—for me?" she said, anxiously.

"Yes, I think so. It's well placed, not so far from the park, and it will suit my plans nicely," replied Dorcas, demurely. "It's in a clean cottage, where one of the keepers lives, and he has no children, and they've two rooms they never use and so they'll be very glad if you'll take them—more especially since you will bring some 'plenshing' with you. If you take this furniture, you'll almost fancy you're in your own bedroom, dear mistress."

"Perhaps," said the girl, doubtfully. "Yet I am not sure whether it's mine, unless it was put in the will, Dorcas."

"But it is—it is, for it was your poor dear mother's, Mistress Winifred," replied Dorcas. "She brought it when she was married from the Lady Churchill's, as I've many a time heard, for a wedding present. And when I knew that you were coming home and for good I just put it in your chamber and made Master Wynne up a room more comfortable for a man. So he had nothing to do with it and it's your own lawful right."

"You are my best friend, Dorcas—I might almost say my only one," returned the girl, gratefully. "But you have not told me what detained you after you had been lucky enough to find what we wanted."

Dorcas hesitated.

"I don't know whether I ought to hold any speech with strangers," she said, "and it's no habit of mine, as you know, Mistress Winifred. But, to say truth, I was wondering and angry that your grand friends did not take any notice of you now you are an orphan and destitute. Neither the Lady Churchill nor the Lady Lisle seem to remember you are alive, though the first is like a second mother, according to what the Church says."

Winifred smiled sadly.

"Nay, Dorcas, I am out of such tutelage now I am a woman, and it would be only out of grace and favour that the Lady Churchill attended to me now."

"A woman! Heaven help thee," burst from the honest lips of the serving-damsel. "It will be years before thou art aught but a gentle, tender child." But to tell thee, I thought I'd go and see how matters were going since I heard from the park-keeper there was to be a grand gathering at the Lady Lisle's this night, and I know it was not very far, so I went to see the grandeur and bring you, my dear child, the news that I might see and hear. Was I wrong? Did I not carry out your wishes?" she added, looking wistfully in Winifred's face.

Perhaps there was a slight flush on that delicate cheek as the worthy domestic spoke, but it soon faded to the paleness of anxious expectation at the inquiries.

"And what did you see and hear, good Dorcas? I know well your zeal for me, and that there would be little you would not do for my sake. I appreciate your motive, dear friend, even if it may bring no

peace or pleasure in what you have learnt on my behalf."

"Oh, it was not so very much," returned Dorcas, hesitatingly. "And I cannot tell what you may think of it," she went on, carelessly taking her young lady's hand. "But it's very strange and rare, that I must say, for a young noble to be in such a plight."

"Dorcas, speak! What mean you? Are you jesting or playing with me?" interrupted the agitated girl. "Is it he, Dorcas? Is it the unfortunate Lord Clarence of whom you speak?"

"To be sure, Mistress Winifred, to be sure," replied the woman. "He's the one in the play, and I'll soon satisfy you on that head, if you have a little patience and let me tell the tale myself."

Winifred bowed her head submissively. She knew of old it was of no use to fight against the torrent of Dorcas's eloquence, and she quietly waited its natural flow.

"Well, mistress, I'll tell you all about it. I thought, as I told you, I'd just go and see if the grand friends of your childhood were living or dead. Of course the Lady Lisle and her daughter were all right, or they'd not be giving a party. And then I waited and waited till the Lady Churchill's coach came up, and I saw the men's liveries, and saw her get out, all gorgeously and grand as ever, with a stylish-looking young gentleman to hand her into the house."

"So, when that was over, I'd have gone away but that I caught sight of—who do you think, Mistress Winifred? No one on earth could be like him, so I'd no trouble to distinguish him, let him be ever so muffled up. It was Adrian Meister, the cowardly vagabond, who was standing watching every one that passed."

"And I determined to wait and see who was in his trap now," continued Dorcas, with a significant and triumphant nod. "It was not so very long before it was made plain. The Lord Clarence Seymour came up, and in a twinkling all was out."

"Master Adrian and a bailiff had hold of the poor young gentleman in a second."

"They called him all sorts of bad names and made him out a downright rascal, Mistress Winifred," went on the woman. "And, so far as I could make out, something about jewels and a loan. But they were all in such a rage, and the folks round prevented one's hearing so plain, and in a few minutes out came a grand gentleman, who called himself the queen's minister, and tried to make all right. Dear, dear! it was no good. They all went, in the house together, anyhow, and in a little while my young lord and the others came again in sight and all went off together."

"Which others?—who do you mean?" ejaculated Winifred, with parched tongue that almost forbade clear utterance.

"My lord and Master Adrian and the bailiff," was the answer. "They all went in a coach, I saw, and no doubt to prison; but whether he is guilty, poor young gentleman, only the judge and jury can tell. Heaven knows!"

Winifred did not start nor scream at the news.

It was scarcely unlooked for, since her own warning had been so despised by its object. The first impulse was rather to summon resolution to aid than yield to weak terror at the catastrophe which had occurred. But still a whole crowd of horrors came in her mind.

Adrian was certainly implacable in his hate and revenge.

He would leave no stone unturned to punish her and his envied foe.

Would he summon her to bear witness to that fearful night? Would he carry the refinement of cruelty thus far as to make her the instrument of the ruin of him she so well, though hopelessly, loved?

Such were the doubts and fears that rushed through Winifred's mind in the first minutes after the tale related by Dorcas.

The domestic scarcely comprehended the calm apathy that seemed to pervade the whole aspect of her beloved charge.

"Dear mistress, what is it? Are you ill?" she asked, anxiously.

"—oh, no; why should he? I must not be ill now, you know," returned the girl, dreamily. "But, Dorcas, where did they go? Where did they take him?"

"Dear, dear! how should I know, Mistress Winifred? To prison, of course, only as he's a nobleman perhaps there might be some difference made, and he's mayhap gone to some better sort of place, just for the present, till he's tried and condemned."

"Does Lady Churchill know?" was the next question.

"I can't say; but no doubt the Lord St. John, as he called himself, would tell her, and there was plenty of people to bruit it abroad," returned the domestic, shaking her head ominously.

Winifred closed her eyes for some minutes in deep and anxious thought.

Then she suddenly turned to Dorcas, who was anxiously regarding her.

"Dorcas," she said, firmly, "this must be kept as secret between ourselves as possible—that is, it were better that it should not be told to any one of our acquaintance with this sad business. It may help materially in my plans should we succeed in preserving the appearance of ignorance. Meanwhile I shall think and plan what should be done to clear our name from the disgrace that is about to be cast on us."

"Disgrace, to you, Mistress Winifred?" gasped Dorcas.

"Yes," said the girl, firmly. "Do you not know that the crime which Master Meister would charge on the Lord Clarence is connected with my dear father, and that it will be bruited about that Gertrude Wynne, the honest goldsmith, the worthy citizen, was after all but a usurer, a lender on perhaps illegal security? Dorcas, if I can by any means, any sacrifice, avert this I will. It is my belief that Lord Clarence is innocent, but in any case he must be saved, even as he once saved my life. Better perhaps had I died—only for my poor mother's sake."

And the tears sprang unbidden to the orphan's eyes.

"There, don't fret; you've got something grand and happy before you yet, I'm sure, or you wouldn't be so beautiful and good, dear young mistress," said Dorcas, soothingly. "I'm sure that no one I saw going to that grand place could be compared to you, and it's my belief you'll marry some great lord even yet. I don't know who could help falling in love with you, that's certain," went on Dorcas, defiantly.

Winifred gave a half-sigh, half-smile at the good woman's pride.

Alas! had not the only being whose love she coveted turned from her with scorn and loathing?

What recked she of charms which were powerless when disconnected with rank and the conventional requirements of the social scale? As Dorcas had said, her position was infinitely to be preferred to her young mistress's more anomalous station, and Winifred would well nigh have changed with her at that moment all the superiority of endowments and knowledge.

And the next moment a fresh impulse came over her spirit.

At least she might live for some purpose, if she could save him.

If he were even guilty of the crime they laid to his charge she felt certain it was under most terrible temptations he had committed such a deed.

But in any case Adrian Meister, in his rancorous hate and base revenge, was far beneath his unfortunate victim in all that was commendable to a young female heart.

A summons at the door had called Dorcas from the spot as these reflections passed through her mind, and the refreshment the affectionate domestic had forced upon her was languidly and with difficulty discussed.

She scarcely perceived the length of the woman's absence, but when at length she returned there was evidently some urgent meaning in her whole aspect and manner.

"Please, Mistress Winifred, that graceless varlet, Master Meister, came to demand speech of you, and when I told him you were preparing for your bed, and could not be seen, he requested me to give him a quill and ink and paper, and he would enclose what he had wished to speak, so that you should have an answer ready for him when he returns to-morrow. And here is the sheet he has covered before I could well find him wax to keep it from my eyes, as it would seem," added the domestic, wrathfully.

Winifred took the packet and tore it open impatiently.

It contained certainly a covered page, but the lines were so far apart and the words so large and carelessly written that it was by no means a lengthy communication, and betrayed decidedly the agitated and wrathful passion that had shaken the usually firm, cramped handwriting of the Dutchman. It ran thus:

"WINIFRED,—I am a soft-brained idiot to allow you such a triumph over me by thus showing you my anxious affection for your welfare and the fulfilment of your father's and my wishes. But I once more give you the choice. I have all completed for the utter ruin and disgrace of the popinjay I believe has stolen your heart from me, though he despised you in his own. I will wait twenty-four hours before I make his fate irrevocable. Think once more ere you decide to be a wandering, lonely, disgraced waif on the world, and feel that you had the life of the proud object of your wild interest in your power and threw it away."

ADRIAN MEISTER.

It was a terrible trial.

What should she do? What was her duty? What

were the dictates of generous and unselfish devotion in such a case?

And her true soul answered, as by a magic voice: "Anything but this."

(To be continued.)

## THE HEIR OF INGLESIDE.

### CHAPTER XII.

ONCE more alone in his library, Lyon Hargrave closed and locked the door, drank more brandy, and then took from his pocket the letter which Adolphus had brought to him, and sat down with it by the shaded lamp. In the previous hasty perusal he had gained a knowledge of its general drift. The handwriting was bold and strong, though neat and proper, and it might have passed for the work of man or woman. Having opened the missive a second time the master of Ingleside read carefully as follows:

"MY DEAR MISS MERTON,—On this calm Sabbath evening, with my heart bare before my Maker, and after much anxious thought, I sit down to write to you, freely and truthfully, just as I would write to a dear sister. If I shall appear to take an unwarranted liberty, I am sure you will pardon me."

"Lily Merton, word has reached me in this far-away place—it came by an old servant from Ingleside who paid me a visit—that you had promised your hand to Lyon Hargrave, and that you were to be married on Christmas Day. At first I doubted, but the proof at length came so strong that I was forced to believe. And, my dear girl, I can imagine the influence which has been brought to bear upon you, knowing as I do the hold Lyon has upon your father in a pecuniary way. Oh! how foul is the wrong thus done. The last words which Walter Hargrave spoke in life were spoken to Horace Moore and myself. To Horace he said that the debt of Lily's father should be forgiven. He said that Lily was a blessed girl. He had sent for me to be present while he gave farther important business directions, but he died without giving them. Yet from the above you can judge whom he regarded as his heir and executor. I know that Lyon Hargrave is not justly the heir of Ingleside."

"And now let me tell you of one more thing of which I am fully assured. If you have really promised your hand to Lyon Hargrave I must believe you have done so under the conviction that Horace Moore is dead. But I am sure he is not dead. I saw the article in the newspaper announcing his death, and also the death of two officers of the ship 'Xerxes.' But in two weeks after reading that article I received a letter from Horace Moore, dated at Calcutta, in which he informed me that he had been appointed to the command of his ship. That letter must have been written after the published date of his death."

"In truth, Lily, there is not only mystery in this matter but I believe there is great wickedness. I can see in it the hand of Lyon Hargrave. If you are mourning the death of your true love do not yet despair. What may have happened since he wrote to me I cannot tell; but I know that the announcement of his death, as published in the papers, was false."

"I have been very ill with fever, or I should have seen you ere this. My mother is now ill, and I must nurse her; but she is improving, and as soon as I can leave her I shall come to you. Oh! Lily Merton, I know that Horace loves you with all his heart and soul, and I know that his very life is bound up in you. And I cannot believe that you have ceased to love him. As Heaven is above I believe that Horace Moore lives. Wait until you see me. I will be with you in two weeks, or in three at the farthest; and if there is wrong and wickedness which I can sift out I will not rest until it is done. Take heart, Lily, and believe me your true and devoted friend."

"EDITH SOMERBY."

Lyon Hargrave read this letter through twice, and then rolled it, and clutched it in his hand as he might have clutched a viper which he must strangle. He remembered Edith Somerby—he knew her very well—knew her for a shrewd, clear-headed, thoughtful woman, bold and fearless in the way of duty. And he knew that she knew him—that she had known him for years—that she had been his uncle's confidant and often counsellor, and that she could be firm and persevering when she chose."

With a fierce oath he started to his feet, still strangling the letter in his hand.

"I should have looked to that woman before," he muttered, as he strode across the apartment, and then stopped. "I should have been mindful of the danger. Of all who were present when my uncle's will was searched for she alone maintained a firm defiance of the result. She must be looked to. She must never see Lily Merton. I am not safe with that woman living!"

The excitement had used up the stimulant he had taken, and Lyon went to the sideboard and drank two glasses of brandy in quick succession, after which he paced up and down the room for a long time. At length he sat down by the lamp, and smoothed out the letter, and read it again. Then he leaned his head upon his hand, and reflected.

It was nearly midnight when Lyon Hargrave folded the letter and placed it in his pocket-book; and when he arose from his seat the expression upon his dark face was lowering and vengeful. It boded ill to somebody. He stood awhile, with head bowed and hands clasped; then he drank more brandy, and then went to his chamber.

On the following morning Lyon turned over the care of the house to Dick Bunker, remarking that he had business in London. The valet received the order without asking any questions. He saw that his master was stern and moody, and he knew that something of more than usual import had happened. He thought it might be money matters. He could think of nothing more serious than that. Used himself to being straitened, and remembering well when he had seen Lyon "dead broke," he could not fully understand that circumstance of fortune which lifted a man completely out from the way of want of money.

At the post-office Lyon stopped, and spoke privately with Adolphus.

"Be quite sure that not a letter of any kind reaches Miss Merton until I get back," was his word of direction, after he had stated his destination.

Adolphus promised that the order should be obeyed.

"Do not borrow any trouble," he added, honestly. "I can swear to you that since I came into the office Miss Merton has not received a letter through the mail that has not been first submitted to you."

"All right, Dolph; but be particularly careful while I am gone. Do not let anybody look over your shoulder while you are assorting the mails."

Adolphus, when he had seen his master depart, did not think exactly as did Dick Bunker.

He believed that this sudden trip had something to do with the letter which he had delivered on the previous evening; and so lively was his curiosity that in the afternoon, when he had two hours to spare from the office, he walked up to Ingleside, and sought opportunity to speak with one of the old servants—a woman who had been in the cook's department for years, and to whom he had brought several letters.

"Nelly," said he, in an easy, off-hand way, after he had begged and drank a tumbler of milk, "do you know anybody that lives in Rolvorton?"

"Yes, I know one. Edith Somerby lives there. She used to be our mistress. She was the old master's housekeeper."

"What sort of a woman was she?"

"Well, sir, she was what I call a good woman. Everything went smoothly where she was."

"Why didn't the young master keep her?"

"I couldn't tell you, sir."

"Have you never had your thoughts about it?"

"You mustn't ask me, sir."

"How did this Edith Somerby feel towards Horace Moore?"

"She loved him as the apple of her eye, sir—not as some thought she loved, for I know that her heart was buried with that love long ago—but she loved him as a mother loves her child, or as a sister might love an only brother."

"And I don't doubt that you loved this Horace Moore?"

"How could I help it, sir? Oh, he was so kind and so good, and so cheerful and smiling always. We all loved him."

"And you all thought that he was to be the heir of Ingleside?"

"Indeed we did, sir. But it was not so to be. Our master must have changed his mind at the last moment. But Horace bore it bravely. He never complained. He bore it better than Mistress Somerby did. She isn't satisfied to this day. She don't believe—"

"Don't believe what?"

"Never mind, sir. It is none of my business."

"Good Nelly, won't you give me another glass of milk?"

"Indeed, sir, you shall have as much as you want."

"And when another letter comes from your brother I'll bring it up to you."

Adolphus drank the milk, and departed; and the chains of his servitude galled more sorely than before.

In the meantime Lyon Hargrave had gone to London, where he arrived in the afternoon. His first movement on arriving, was to go to his old club-house, where he got dinner, and where he spent his time until evening. He drank lightly, and did

not play. When it was dark he borrowed of one of the attendants a light box-coat and a jockey cap, and set forth. He found the sign of the "Anchor," and sought the rear entrance, by way of the low, dark arch, where he was forced to press the spring that took the place of a bell-pull. The summons was answered by a man who opened the door just a crack, and asked who was there.

"All is right and tight, Cerberus," answered the applicant.

The door was opened, and the visitor entered the little dirty parlour.

"Eh! Lyon Hargrave, as I live! Bless you, old boy, it's good for sore eyes to see you."

"It's me, Jo, and you may bring me a bottle of wine. And, mind you, not a word to a soul outside that I am here."

"Don't you fear, sir. We never tell who's in the parlour. You should know that by this time."

"I know you are careful, Jo. Let the wine be of the best."

"I think Madeira is your kind, sir?"

"Yes."

"That's got the quiet snap to it; and we've got some that's honest. Jack Tugby brought it over himself, and it got slipped out o' the fore-castle without a sniff of the customs."

Jo went away, and soon returned with a bottle and two glasses on a japanned waiter.

"You've brought a glass for yourself, eh?" said Lyon, smiling.

"No sir, not particularly. I always bring a gentleman glasses enough for company, even if he don't want 'em."

"All right, Jo. Sit down and drink. I want to ask you a question."

Jo wiped the neck of the bottle and drew the cork, and sat down, and when they had filled their glasses Lyon asked:

"Can you tell me anything of Molly Dowd?"

"Yes, sir, she was in here not an hour ago."

"And where is Matt Bungo?"

"I don't know, sir. He dropped out suddenly, almost a year ago, and I haven't seen or heard from him since."

"Dropped out?" repeated Lyon, in surprise.

"Yes, sir; and all I know about it is this: Matt came in here one night badly shaken up. He'd had a scurimage, and I fancied, from what he said, that he'd used his knife. At all events he disappeared the next day, and I haven't heard a lip of him since. It's my opinion that he cleared out to slip the police."

On the whole Lyon was not sorry. If Matt was gone for good there could be no danger of his coming down for blackmail—a thing which the gentleman had more than once thought of and feared.

"Well," he said, "let Matt go. I wish him no ill."

Another glass of wine, and then:

"Do you think you could find Molly Dowd?"

"Yes, sir."

"How is she now?"

"About the same, sir—up and down. She has a hard enough time of it."

"Can she keep sober?"

"Yes, sir."

"I'll tell you, Jo, I have a fancy to try and nelp that girl. I have a place that she can fill if she will; and if she can keep sober, and wants to get away from her old haunts, I can give her the chance. I wish you would go and find her, and bring her here."

"I'll do it, sir."

And Jo went out by the back way, leaving his guest to amuse himself over a well-thumbed volume of "Boxiana."

In half an hour he returned, bringing with him Molly Dowd, whom he left with Lyon, taking himself off to the bar in front.

Molly has not changed much since we saw her last. If anything, she looks better. There is not so much blot in her face, and her clothes are not so poor and soiled. Still she looks worn and haggard, and the stamp of the outcast is very plain.

"Lyon Hargrave," she said, after Jo had gone, "is it you?"

"It is myself, Molly. Sit down; I have something to say to you. Won't you have a glass of wine?"

"I don't mind, sir."

Lyon poured out what there was in the bottle, filling a tumbler half full, and Molly drank it, and smacked her lips.

"I don't drink stuff like that often," she said. She knew what good wine was.

Lyon rang the bell and ordered another bottle, and when Jo had delivered it and retired he filled the two glasses and they drank together.

"Molly," said Lyon, as he sat his glass down,



"you and I have known each other long enough to be open and above-board. I have something of importance to say to you, and I want your solemn promise that if you do not serve me you will not betray my confidence."

"Won't our confidence be mutual?" asked Molly, nodding. The rich old wine had revived her, and she spoke freely.

"Yes, our confidence will be mutual if you enter my service, but I must expose the nature of that service to you before you can become a party to the contract."

"Bah! Are you afraid to trust me, Lyon Hargrave? If you are let me go."

"No, Molly, I am not afraid to trust you; and to prove it I will open the business at once. And, mind you, if you serve me well I will pay you well for it. I will give you more money than you ever owned at one time before in your life."

"That wouldn't be much, Mr. Hargrave."

"Never mind. You shall be satisfied. Will you have some more wine?"

"No, sir. I've had enough for the present. Let me hear your business."

Lyon looked at the doors, and then, drawing his chair nearer to the woman, he said:

"You know, Molly, that I have come into a large inheritance left to me by my uncle. There was a woman in my uncle's employ as housekeeper whom I discharged. That woman is a tigress. She hates me, and would ruin me if she could. And, to a certain extent, she can ruin me. There are some things dearer to me than money, and of these she can rob me. I need not tell you how."

"She knows how you have lived perhaps?"

"Yes," said Lyon, with a nod; "and she can blow me as she chooses; and I know that she means to blow. In short, Molly Dowd, I want that woman put out of my way; and I will give you a thousand pounds if you will do it."

The woman caught her breath, and was silent for some moments. At length she said, nervously:

"That is something I never did."

"And you never earned so much money before?"

"No, sir."

"Well, there must be a first time for everything. This woman of whom I speak will be no loss to the world, while you and I will be gainers."

Molly twisted her fingers together and reflected.

"A thousand pounds!" she muttered.

"Yes, and I will give you a full new outfit of clothes in addition."

"Where is the woman—at your place?"

"No. She is sixty miles away."

"How am I to do it?"

"I'll tell you what I have thought of. You must take the stage, and let them set you down in the town adjoining the town in which this woman lives. Then you can walk the rest of the way until you find the house. It is a farmhouse, and if you reach there in the evening and profess to be faint and ill they will take you in. Your looks will enable you to pass readily for a sick woman. And you can stay there until you can find opportunity to slip a bit of powder into something that my enemy will eat or drink. I can get a powder the effect of which will be such that no mortal can suspect foul play. And moreover, the woman has been very recently ill with fever, so that will make her sudden slipping off seem more natural. Molly, do you want the thousand pounds?"

"Yes, I want the thousand pounds. But it is a dreadful price to pay."

"That is as you take it. The work is easily done."

"What is the woman's name?"

"Molly, if you don't do the work you—"

"Bah! If you doubt me let us have done with it. I am not anxious enough for the job to play at pledges before I know anything. What am I to gain by blowing on you?"

"Don't be put out, Molly. I am not afraid to trust you. The woman's name is Edith Somerby. She is not far from thirty years old, and lives in Rolverson with her parents. I don't know if her father is living. Her mother was living the last I heard of them, though just recovering from a fever."

"A thousand pounds?"

"Yes, and a full new outfit for summer and winter wear."

"And you'll pay all expenses besides?"

"Yes."

"You'll give me the clothes, and money for my expenses to begin with, to be mine whether I succeed or not?"

"Yes, Molly, I'll do that. But it is understood that you shall do your best?"

"Of course."

"Then, of course, you will succeed. You can find such garments as you require at some wardrobe-dealer's?"

"Yes."

"What will they cost?"

"Ten pounds."

"That's a round sum, Molly, but you shall have it. I will make it a hundred for clothes and expenses, and when you report the work done you shall have the thousand."

"I am to take your word for that?"

"Do you doubt me?"

"No. You trust me, and I shall trust you."

"Will you wait here for half an hour, Molly?"

"For what?"

"We may as well have our plans arranged to-night as at any time. I will go and get the powder of which I spoke."

"I will wait."

Lyon put on his jockey cap and went out, and in less than half an hour he was back again; and he brought with him a small box, in which were four neatly folded papers, each containing a powder. He showed to Molly the papers, and explained to her that one of them was sufficient for the work, but he had got four so as to guard against loss or accident. Molly took the box, and promised to keep it carefully.

There were many details to be entered into concerning the passage by stage-coach, the finding of the house, and caution and watchfulness after reaching that point. Then he gave to Molly twenty pounds for immediate use, and asked her if she understood.

"I understand it all," she said. "You couldn't make me understand it better if you should talk all night. And now I will drink some wine."

"And when the work is done you may write to me without signature that I am wanted at the 'Anchor,'" said Lyon, as Molly lifted the bottle.

"I can't write myself, sir; but I'll make you a sign."

And then Molly Dowd drank a full tumbler of the pure old wine.

### CHAPTER XIII.

THE morning was cool and clear, and Molly Dowd started out in quest of the garments she needed for her journey. She was shrewd and bold, and able to make a good bargain; and, moreover, outcast as she was, she knew the quality of the goods offered her. Before noon she had selected and paid for a thorough outfit, and not quite six pounds of her money had been expended: She returned to her poor chamber and spread the garments out upon the bed.

Thus far she had been in a sort of daze. Do not misunderstand this poor girl. She had not resolved upon doing murder. She had resolved upon nothing. She had taken Lyon Hargrave's money, feeling that he could well spare it, and that she had earned it by listening to his proposition.

As for the fearful work he had set for her to do, she had not thought much more of it. She had not been able to think clearly. A thousand pounds was in her estimation a large fortune. It seemed to her she could live upon it comfortably while her poor life lasted.

She had not yet dared to say to herself that she would earn that money. But she would get away from the city and think. She would go to Rolverson and see what manner of woman Lyon Hargrave feared. She could think more clearly out in the country. And then she felt it would be a blessing to go away among the hills and the trees and the running brooks where she had not been for long, long years.

In very truth, Molly Dowd had not fully weighed in her mind Lyon Hargrave's proposition when he left her.

"The money and the clothes to be mine whether I succeed or not," she repeated to herself. "And I told him I would succeed if I could. Well, we will see. Perhaps it will be easy—who knows? I never did such a thing. But there must be a first time for everything. A thousand pounds! Ah, me! it is a great sum!"

Thus muttered Molly while she sat and looked at her new clothes. And then she stopped thinking for the time. The thoughts made her head swim.

She could not take the stage-coach until the morrow, and it was now past dinner-time, and as she had money she thought she would go round to the "Anchor" and get some more wine. And she went, being careful to hide her new clothes before she left her chamber.

"Ah, Molly!" cried the Cerberus, as she entered the place, "you're just in time, and you're in luck. You've got a letter from over the sea."

"A what, Jo?"

"A letter from over the sea, directed to Molly Dowd, at the 'Anchor.' Look at it. Just look at the postmarks on it."

Molly took the letter, and gazed upon it in a state of sheer bewilderment.

"Who is it from?" she asked.

"I can't think of but one of your old chaps that's gone to sea—and that is Sugg Witkill."

Molly came nigh casting the letter from her indignantly, but a thought of her own restrained her. She could think of another—of one whom she had regarded as a friend—of one who had befriended her many times—and she held the letter close, but spoke no word of her thought.

She had kept faith with Matt Bungo. To no human being had she breathed a word of that last interview with him in the little back parlour.

"Say, Molly, don't you want me to read the letter for you?"

"No, Jo, I want you to give me some dinner. I want some wine—just such wine as I drank last night."

"Bless you, Molly, that wine's worth two shillings the tumbler-full."

"Then let me have the full of a good tumbler to begin with."

"Eh! You're in funds, my lady?"

"I've got money enough to pay for what I order."

Molly put the letter carefully away in her bosom and sat down, and without farther question Jo furnished the repeat she had ordered. She ate and drank, and then paid the bill. Jo wanted to talk more about the letter, but she did not choose to humour him.

"If it's from Sugg," she said, "I'll let you know what he says."

"If it isn't from Sugg, who can it be from?"

"It may be from some grand officer. Who knows?"

And Jo laughed heartily as Molly hurried away.

At the corner of a bye-way Molly stopped and considered. She had told Lyon Hargrave that she could not write; and she might have added that she could not read. She could spell out and pronounce a few of the big words upon posters and police notices, but she could do little more. As for writing, it was to her as might have been a page of Egyptian hieroglyphics. Upon carefully studying the superscription of the letter she could distinguish her own name, and though she could not decipher the postmarks upon it yet the missive had the odour of the ocean upon it and bore the marks of long travel.

After a time the girl started away as though she had an object in view, and ere long she reached a very respectable-looking house, at the door of which she rang the bell. The summons was answered by a shock-headed, coarse-faced woman, who demanded rather roughly to know what was wanted.

"I want to see Kate Arnot," said the applicant.

The woman looked Molly over from head to foot, as though considering whether to admit her.

"Look'ee, my good woman," said Molly, not in the most amiable manner, and with a look and a nod that were significant, "I don't think you'd care to have me make any disturbance here, because I think I could stand that sort of thing better than this house could. Let me see Kate at once."

The woman drew back, and allowed the visitor to enter the hall, when the outer door was closed, shutting with a spring-lock. She then showed Molly into a small, poorly furnished waiting-room, where there was nothing which could be stolen, and afterwards went in search of Kate.

In a little while Kate Arnot came, a girl not more than five-and-twenty, rather gaudily dressed, with face painted and powdered, and redolent of rose and jasmine. She did not shrink back when she saw her poorly clad visitor, though there was a cloud upon her brow.

"Molly, is it you?"

"Yes, Katie, it is me; but don't be fretting. I haven't come for help of money. I've got enough, thank fortune."

The cloud upon Kate's brow disappeared instantly.

"I have come Kate, to get you to read a letter for me. You know I can't do it for myself."

"Come to my room, Molly, and I'll read it for you with pleasure."

And Kate led the way up to her chamber, where they closed the door and sat down.

"Before we break the seal," said Molly, producing the letter, "I would like to have you tell me that you will keep the contents as though it had been a letter to yourself. I don't want any promise from you, Kate. If you tell me, that will be enough."

"I give you my promise nevertheless," returned Kate, pleasantly. "Now do you break the seal, and I will read it for you."

Molly accordingly loosened the letter from its seal, and then handed it to her companion, who examined the superscription before she opened it.

"Why, Molly, did you know that this was from Tuddis?"

"Yes. Jo told me that; and he wanted to read it for me, but I wouldn't let him. Open it Kate, and tell me first who it is from."

Kate opened the letter and looked at the signature.

"Bless me! it's from Matt Bungo!" she exclaimed, with surprise.

"I thought so," said Molly.

"And have you known where Matt has been all these long months?"

"Yes, Kate; but I was under promise not to tell."

"Old Matt!" said Kate, half to herself. "He was rough and tough, but he was true and loyal. He never went back on a friend who deserved help. And yet, in the eyes of the world, I suppose he was a bad man—a very bad man."

"I don't care for that," rejoined Molly, with decided emphasis. "He was always good to me."

"So he was good to me."

"And now, Kate, read it, please."

They drew their chairs together, and Kate Arnot, who was really a good reader, and possessed of a good education generally, spread open the letter and read as follows—she read as she knew the writer would have written had he been able, making good grammar of the ungrammatical, and paying no heed to the bad spelling. We will give it as she read it.

"CALCUTTA, June 20, 1841.

"MOLLY, MY TRUE OLD FRIEND—I am going to write to you, and let you know how I am getting on, for I can't help thinking that it will please you to know that I am doing well. Do you know, Molly, that I think of you a good deal? Somehow, in the old years, you come in as one of the pleasant things. Heaven knows both you and I were bad enough, but I think we were true to each other. And then, again, I can't help thinking how much more unfortunate you are than I am. A man can easily lift himself up. The evil of the past don't stick to him as it does to a woman. The world don't call a man fallen after he has once more got upon his feet, but it won't let a fallen woman get upon her feet anyway. But, Molly, it won't always be so for those who really and truly want to get up. In the other world men and women will be judged by what's in the heart. So, Molly, keep your heart right."

"Bless me!" said Kate, resting the letter upon her knee. "If Matt isn't preaching."

"But it's true what he says, isn't it?" queried Molly, with moistened eyes.

"Yes, Molly, it is true—as true as gospel."

"Read the rest of it."

And Kate read on:

"Perhaps you won't believe me, Molly, but from the moment I last saw you in Jo Ragley's parlour down to this time I have been different from what I ever was before. I had a strong motive then to do a good deed, and I've been trying to do good ever since; and I tell you, Molly, it is much better to be good than it is to be bad. Oh, it is so grand to feel that you can look everybody right square in the face! And, Molly, it is something to be able to look up to Heaven and not be afraid of the light. The last evil thing I ever did, and one of the very worst, I did for Lyon Hargrave—the villain! And he would have sold me, body and soul, the very next minute, had it been for his interest. And do you know, Molly, that I have more than once wondered, since Sugg and I are both gone, whether the villain would ever look after you to help him—for let me tell you there's hot water for him yet at Ingleside. At any rate do you keep clear of him. I shall have a story to tell you when I get home—something that I dare not write. You remember what I hinted to you about Sugg? It was more than true. But Sugg has met his reward. And I'll tell you about that, too, when I see you."

"And now, Molly, one word about myself, and the man I have learned to love as I never loved any other man—and that man is Horace Moore. When we got into Calcutta we found the ship 'Xerxes' owned by our folks, and her captain and first mate ill with fever; and both of them died. Captain Percy was put in command of the 'Xerxes,' and Horace Moore was placed in command of the dear old 'Speedwell,' and I—Matt Bungo—am his third mate! That is something, isn't it! And Captain Moore is learning me navigation, so that I can work out all kinds of reckonings; and when I can do that I'll be fit for first mate. We shall start for home before long, and if we have good luck the rest of the way, it must be a prosperous voyage."

"And now, Molly, hold up till I get back; and then if you have a mind to stand up, I'll help you. Keep this letter to yourself; or, if you have to get anybody to read it for you, tell that person to keep it. I can fancy you will steer for Kate Arnot. I don't fear to trust her. Above all, don't let word get to Lyon Hargrave that I am with Horace Moore. If you see that man, Molly, keep your eye on him

but don't let him get to windward of you. And keep an eye open for me, Molly, and look out for me when I get home, which won't be many months."

"MATT BUNGO."

For some moments after the letter was finished both the girls were silent. Tears were in Molly's eyes, and Kate's eyes were not dry. Kate was the first to speak:

"Dear old Matt! I am glad he is doing so well. Goodness' mercy! Molly, suppose he should come home and marry you!"

Molly Dowd caught her breath, and grew pale as death, and then, in a moment more flushed to the temples, and said:

"Don't—don't, Kate! I tell you, it can never be! And he an officer of a great ship! Ah, the time for such hope left me long, long ago."

"Never mind, Molly; but do as he says, and keep up the best heart you can."

"I'll do that."

"And Lyon Hargrave—what is the world is it all about? I used to know Lyon; and I've heard that he had come into a big property. What is it about him and Sugg Witkill?"

Molly had been considering this matter—considering how much she could tell to Kate Arnot—and her thoughts had been clear and quick.

"Really and truly," she answered, "I don't understand it. Matt says he will explain when he gets home. You've been good to me, Kate, and I ought to trust you. You'll keep secret what I tell you?"

"As secret as the grave, Molly."

"Then I know only this: Horace Moore had some connection with Ingleside, and Lyon Hargrave feared him so much that he wanted to do him harm; and when Moore had shipped as mate of the 'Speedwell' Hargrave got Sugg shipped to put him out of the way. Matt found this out, and from that moment he set himself to thwart Lyon Hargrave and save Horace Moore. This is all I know, save what is in the letter."

"What a grand old fellow Matt is, to be sure!" cried Kate, feelingly. "And have you seen the villain—Lyon Hargrave—since?"

"I have seen him—that's all. But Matt needn't fear that the black-hearted man will ever pull wool over my eyes. You are a good Kate for reading my letter, and I hope I may be able to do you a good turn some time."

She took her letter as she spoke, and folded it, and put it in her bosom.

"I am glad you came," said Kate, also rising; "for I have enjoyed the letter almost as much as you have; and be sure I'll keep all safe in my own breast."

"I know you will, Kate."

And the two women kissed each other, and separated.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

MOLLY DOWD went back to her little upper chamber and sat down and thought. It was a new and strange work for her—this deep thinking; but she was equal to the emergency, though sometimes thoughts conflicted, and jostled her brain till she was well-nigh distracted. But, thanks to the better instincts of her heart, the right thoughts held their way uppermost in the end.

She sat a long half-hour without moving—sat with her head bowed upon her hand—sat until the day had gone and the shadows were thick over the city. Then she started up, as from a dream, and was surprised to find it dark.

She lighted a candle, and after standing awhile in its struggling light, she drew the letter from her bosom and pressed it to her lips.

"Dear old Matt!" she murmured, in firm, resolute tones, "you shall not be alone in doing good. How wonderful it is! The same hand that opened the way to you has opened it to me. Heaven bless the dear letter!—and bless the writer!"

And she kissed the sea-stained missive again and again put it away in her bosom.

Then she drew her shawl over her head, and went forth to the "Anchor." The drinkers of the night had begun to assemble, and she went around through the dark archway and rang the bell at the rear door.

"It's me, Jo—Molly."

Jo opened the door and admitted her to the little parlour.

"Bless me, Molly, you look like a woman of business."

Ay, even the Cerberus of that den, with his bleared eyes, could see the new look upon the woman's face.

"What's up?" he asked, after she had taken a seat.

"Nothing that can concern you, Jo, if I may say so."

"And who was the letter from, Molly? Was it Sugg?"

"No. It was not from Sugg."

"Who then?"

"It was as I told you, Jo, honestly and truly. It was from the mate of a ship; and it was for me alone. If you ask me any more questions I shall not tell the truth to you; and I don't want to do that if I can help it."

Molly ordered a bottle of the wine she had so recently astonished the Cerberus by ordering, and when, by his assistance, it was partially consumed, she resumed her conversation:

"Jo," she said, with solemn seriousness, "I don't know what may come in the future. I may be driven down lower than ever; but I'm going to try and stand. I think I shall have your good wishes."

"That you will, Molly. But—"

"That'll do, Jo. I must go now. You won't speak of this; because if I fail and tell I don't want to be laughed at."

"You may depend upon me."

"Good night, Jo. I hope you may prosper in a good way. You've been always kind to me."

"Molly! what is the name of—"

"Hush! Good night."

"Good night. And may luck go with you, Molly."

"Well," muttered Jo, after she had gone, "if here ain't a go! What has possessed the girl? Ah! it's Lyon Hargrave! Mercy, I hope she isn't going to trust that man! If she does, Heaven help her!"

Molly Dowd hurried back to her chamber and to bed. She had done all her thinking and had arranged all her plans. And she slept soundly. With the first break of the morning she was up, and, having treated herself to a good bath, she donned her new garments, and arranged her hair neatly. She hardly recognized the reflection from her little mirror; and a momentary flush crept up into her face as she told herself that she was not bad-looking after all.

And another, looking at her, might have told her that she was far from bad-looking. Ay, could the stamp of suffering have been removed from her face she might have been called handsome.

A small travelling-bag contained all that she had to carry, and having packed this and put on her bonnet and shawl she was ready to set forth. She had no need to see her landlord. She had paid her rent in advance, and was under no obligations. She got her breakfast at a small eating-house, and then made her way to the stage-coach. Her first day's ride brought her thirty miles from her destination.

That evening Molly felt nervous and uncomfortable, and she slept but little through the night. In the morning a pot of strong coffee made her feel better, and later she took the stage for the post-village next adjoining Rolverton, which she reached at noon. At the inn in this place she called for dinner, but eat very little. She asked for coffee, and when that was served she drank it freely.

After dinner she asked the host if he knew a family of the name of Somerby, in Rolverton.

He did. He knew two families of that name. One lived in the village, and kept a shop, and the other lived on a farm.

It was the farm that the wayfarer sought.

The host told her it was about five miles distant, and gave her such directions that she could not miss it.

Late in the afternoon Molly set forth on foot, and in the edge of the evening she reached the farmer's house—a tidy, substantial dwelling, with thrifty-looking outbuildings. She crept to the door and plied the knocker.

There was no need that Molly Dowd should plead illness to enlist sympathy. She had used the last of her strength in reaching the house, and as she stood upon the broad stone step her frame shook and her face was pale and haggard.

A young woman came to the door—of thirty or thereabouts—whose face was pleasant and kind, and whose brown eyes were full of warm and tender love-light.

"In mercy's name, good woman, can you give me rest and shelter?" asked the wayfarer, tottering.

"Of course we can," was the hearty response. And the brown-eyed woman took the sufferer by the arm and led her into the house—led her into a comfortable sitting-room, where sat an elderly lady who seemed to be just recovering from illness, and a girl younger than she who had come to the door.

"It is no illness that you need fear," said the newcomer, as she observed a look of concern upon the face of the younger girl. "I am only worn and faint and broken. If you will let me rest here I will pay you."



"Hush, poor child! Heaven's mercy is not strained beneath this roof. Rest, and be at peace."

The wayfarer looked up into the large, clear brown eyes of the speaker, and her own eyes filled until the tears ran down her hollow cheeks in a stream, and she bowed her head upon her hands and sobbed aloud.

"Poor soul!"

And she of the brown eyes bent over and kissed the sufferer upon the brow.

The wayfarer started, and looked up through her tears.

"What is your name?" she asked.

"Edith Somerby."

A film seemed to come over the eyes of the stranger, and she reeled like one dazed and dizzy.

"Poor girl," said Edith, supporting her, "will you go and lie down? You are very weak."

"Yes, Miss Somerby. If you will give me some out-of-the-way corner, where I shall not be too much of an intruder."

"Come with me."

And Edith led the stranger to a small bedroom, where was a soft, comfortable bed, and bade her rest and feel at home. And then she added:

"You have asked my name. May I know yours?"

"Yes. My name is Molly Dowd."

"Mary, is it?"

"I was never called Mary, that I can remember. Call me Molly, if you please; and let it be Molly that gets better under this roof—Heaven bless and protect it, and all that it covers!"

And Molly's eyes streamed again. And Edith spoke words of cheer and comfort.

Would Molly have anything to eat?

No. She could not eat; but she would like a cup of strong tea.

And Edith went away and made the tea, and brought it in.

The family at the farmhouse consisted of the widowed mother and four children. Two grown-up boys, aged twenty-two and twenty-six respectively, and two daughters, aged twenty and thirty-one. Of these Edith was the oldest, and was really at the head of the household. A heavy mortgage which had rested upon the farm at her father's death she had paid off entirely from her own earnings, and most of the business of the place was in her hands to manage. And she was not only equal to the task but her brothers preferred that it should be so. They were a happy, loving, and contented family.

When the family had assembled for the evening Edith told her brothers of the coming of the wayfarer, and it was cheerfully agreed that she should do as she pleased in the matter.

In the little bedroom Molly Dowd tossed and turned in restless pain; but by-and-bye she heard a light step at the door, and in a moment she was quiet.

Edith came in, and asked her how she was.

"I think I shall rest," was Molly's answer, in a whisper.

"Can I do anything for you? Do not be afraid to ask."

"If I could have a bowl of cold tea by my bedside."

Edith went out and prepared the tea, and brought it in—a large bowl full. And the wayfarer said she could do nothing more.

Oh! it was agony—not the agony of twinging pain, but the agony of entire unrest. Every nerve was in arms, and clamouring for the old fire of the bygone times. Molly knew too well what it meant, but she did not faint. She would conquer or die—that is, if she could have the help of kindness. It was a long and dreary and miserable night.

(To be continued.)

## THE MARTYRED HEROINE.

### CHAPTER XIII.

THE Maid of Orleans met her fate with the strength which had been given her through all her lengthy period of suffering. The English soldiery and the infamous judges were exultant in joy; the Bishop of Beauvais and the Cardinal of Winchester wore triumphant looks, and their victim went up to her and their Judge wearing a sweet, smiling countenance to the last. But over all France there was spread a cloud of mourning. Men, women, and children wept for the dreadful fate of their worshipped youthful leader, and in the home of Jacques and Isabeau d'Arc, in far-away Domremy, a father and mother moaned in anguish for their sweet, murdered child who had gone from them and France for ever.

Let us draw a curtain over these sad scenes, and allow the lapse of two years ere we lift it again and gaze upon the changed events which have occurred

It is a lovely spring morning, and all nature seems fresh and smiling. There are budding roses and climbing vines and deepening foliage in Domremy; and again we gaze upon the pleasant village green, where first we beheld the peasant youths and maids, in holiday attire, engaged in the merry dance on that bright morning, back a few years in the past. Again we behold a counterpart of that day, for there are now assembled many of the same bright faces we looked upon then, and there are gaiety and dancing in their midst.

This is the wedding-day of Pierre d'Arc with his pretty, petite, dark-eyed Elsie; and while the couple are at the church and the priest is saying over the ceremony, these young friends have assembled to greet their coming out, and escort them to the waiting carriage which is to convey them to Petit Burey, there to behold a scene in part similar to their own—the marriage of Paul Alluf and Marie Laxart.

By-and-bye the wedding train came out from the chapel; the pretty, blushing, new-made bride, and the stalwart, manly groom, followed by the father and mother of the bride and the parents of Pierre—Jacques and Isabeau d'Arc—these last two grown older than when we last saw them and bearing marks of grief in their faces.

Friends would not have suggested this gay wedding scene, but his numerous friends had insisted upon it. If they could not go to the chapel with the wedded pair they would at least await their coming out upon the green, and escort them to the carriage in waiting at the door of the cottage to take them from the town.

And so, when they emerged from the church, they were greeted with glad festal songs, and roses were flung down in their path, and the whole way seemed to Pierre and his blushing bride more fitted for the feet of a noble pair than their own tread. But not so thought their happy friends, as with many good wishes for their journey, and messages to Paul Alluf and his handsome betrothed, they allowed the newly-wedded pair to set out on their journey to Petit Burey.

We will now go back a little, and tell of what has transpired to Durand Laxart and his good and lovely daughter since we saw them last; and while our travellers are pursuing their journey we will resume the thread of our story at the point where Marie left Paul Alluf sufficiently recovered to join the army, and where she herself set out for her return home.

She arrived in safety, and again commenced the task of assisting her father in the shop; and now she found that there was much work to be done. Henri Paulain was still absent, leaving his shop in the care of an assistant who was both young and worthless, and consequently much of his trade was bestowed upon Durand Laxart, who was more capable of selecting and buying than any other of his trade in Petit Burey.

One day, failing to suit a customer, Laxart accompanied him to Paulain's shop, in hopes to aid him to a selection there. The gentleman desired to purchase a handsome necklace, as a birthday gift to his only daughter. The assistant in charge displayed his stock, but there was no necklace of sufficient magnificence to suit the customer's taste, who, being a wealthy banker, wished on this occasion to display lavish generosity in the gift.

"Nay, there are none that suit, and I fear that I shall be forced to send up to Paris," said the banker turning away.

"Stop a moment, monsieur! Mayhap the private safe of my master holds something that would give satisfaction," said the shopman. "Monsieur Paulain bade me not meddle with his stored jewels, but he carries away longer than was his intent, and I dare say he would be angry if I lost the chance of a good trade for both parties—you and him, monsieur. There! I know there is no handsomer necklace up in Paris itself than this!" said the young man, as, after unlocking a strong, iron-bound safe, he produced a chain whose glittering scales and jewelled locket betrayed its costliness.

"This is indeed magnificent!" exclaimed the banker. "What price does your master set upon it?"

"I do not know, monsieur—nor, indeed, if he would like me to sell it in his absence; but I shall learn within now and to-morrow's sun setting. Monsieur Paulain must be home by that time, for, of a truth, I am beginning to think strange of his long absence. Yes, I daresay he will be returned by then, and monsieur can make terms with him to suit himself," and the young man returned the necklace to its box in the strong safe again.

When Durand Laxart's eye fell on the necklace he uttered a cry of joy, then a sudden flush crossed his features, for his mind was filled with dismay at the thoughts which came. This expensive, brilliant jewelled necklace was the one left by the merchant Lavel with him for repairs and safe keeping while

he was absent upon a journey. Here it lay now, and Henri Paulain had been the robber who had stolen it from him.

Monsieur Durand Laxart grasped it eagerly, with a quick cry which arrested the attention of his listeners.

"What is it, Monsieur Laxart? Why do you grasp the brilliant so fiercely? What do you see in them that causes you to cry out with joy? Ah! you are a connoisseur and you perceive in them more beauty than usually is contained in the like!" said the banker, as he gazed upon the startled jeweller.

"No, no, it is not that! It is because I have found in the safe of my shopman, Henri Paulain, the necklace of the merchant Lavel that was lost when my shop was robbed near two years ago!" and Durand Laxart held the necklace up to view as he said this, and continued: "Yes, these are the very jewels I reset upon the day before the robbery, and I placed it in my own safe then, and Paulain has had it all this time since in my old shop. Ah, the villain and rogue! I should not be surprised if he had many more of my own personal bijoux within his shop. I will just step out and call an officer and then come back and look again, sir. And I empower you to remain here with this young man while I am away!"

And Durand Laxart thrust back the necklace in the safe and turned the lock in the door, placing the key in his own pocket and hastily left the shop.

A few moments later he again re-entered it, and was about to proceed to take the articles of jewellery from the counters and institute a strict examination when the "trap-door" was thrown open, and a young man entered who carried a little parcel in his hand.

"I have a watch which I purchased here some time since, and which now needs repairs. Can you do it to-day, monsieur?" he asked of the clerk who stood behind the counter.

"I do not know. Let me look at it first."

The man drew from his little box a tiny watch elegant in design and workmanship, which he had purchased upon the morning when Marie Laxart had followed him from the shop and begged a glance at it.

"Ah! Let me look at it!" cried out Durand Laxart as his eyes caught the face of the watch. "Let me look at it!" and he grasped the trinket as fiercely as he had the necklace resting in its dark nook in the safe not two minutes before.

"Yes! yes! this is the watch I had purchased for Marie upon her birthday, and had not given her, for it lacked but two days to the time when I was robbed. But she had seen it, for I had took it up to her, and asked her how she fancied it. And she held it in her hands and remarked how pretty and odd the engraved design was. She will recognize it now. Oh! what a wretch Henri Paulain has been! He has robbed me of my wealth, and he would have robbed me of my daughter—my best jewel—had she listened to his deceitful lips!" exclaimed Monsieur Laxart, in vehement, wrathful language. "But I will bring him to justice now—the rogue! and he shall suffer the penalty of his crimes! But first, I will have a thorough examination of all his goods and his private safe. So proceed with me to your duty, sir officer of the law! and allow me to retain this watch for a while, my friend," he added to the young nobleman, "till such time as is necessary to prove it was stolen from me by my old villainous assistant—Henri Paulain."

The young man gave a ready assent, and began with the others to assist in overhauling the cases of jewels and the safe, and examining them with Durand Laxart. This work was not a difficult one, for Durand Laxart had little trouble in recognizing the mark he had placed upon his goods when he first purchased them. Henri Paulain, though he had tried, had not succeeded in effecting a removal of this mark, for there were fully discernable too clear traces to be mistaken by Durand Laxart, or those who had searched with him. And two hours later, when they all departed from the shop, and the officer put his seal upon it, as not to be opened again till he should make known the time at the convenience of Durand Laxart, those who thus left knew that Henri Paulain would surely meet the punishment of his crimes when he was found again in Petit Burey. It was thought best to wait until he should return, and then the evidence would meet him with such suddenness and force that Paulain would, it was hoped, confess his crimes. The assistant was duly sworn not to betray anything of what had transpired, and Durand Laxart took him, for the time, into his own employ, and so they awaited patiently the return of Paulain to his shop.

But time passed on, and he did not come. Then there came to Marie by way of Paul Alluf, news of his sudden death upon the battle-field before Compiègne. This news was sent by a messenger, and it was announced at the same time that Joan d'Arc's



[AT PAUL ALLUF'S WEDDING.]

captivity was heralded in the streets of Petit Burey. For a while all other thoughts were swallowed up in grief at the imprisonment of Joan. Then Paul Alluf came to Petit Burey for a brief space, ere he commenced his journey to Rouen to gain admittance to the prison-cell of the Maid of Orleans.

With his coming followed the whole story of Henri Paulain's share in Joan's captivity—the design he had made known to Guillaume de Flavy to betray both the maid and himself to the English. Paul Alluf had no hesitancy in speaking of this now; for Guillaume de Flavy had quickly paid the penalty of his crime. He had been poisoned by his wife, to whom he had told the story, and the woman was not held amenable for the crime of her husband's death, when she afterward confessed it, so much did the jurors abhor the deed he had committed.

After it was known that Henri Paulain was dead there came a speedy restoration to right of the property he had held as his own. The necklace was given back to the merchant Lavel. The articles which Durand Laxart recognized as his own were again placed in his possession, and he purchased the shop back again with the profits of the jewels he had in the shop which he had occupied since the robbery. In a short period he moved back again to his former home, and all seemed unchanged, save the lapse of time between now and then, and the scenes which had come with these years of event and war.

And now there followed the time when Paul Alluf and Pierre d'Arc journeyed in disguise into Rouen, into the very heart of their mortal foes—the English. We have given account of their errand there—of Paul's successful entrance into Joan d'Arc's prison cell—of his noble, martyr-like offer—and of her brave yet unyielding denial to him.

Marie Laxart knew of this purpose of Paul Alluf; and she did not endeavour to dissuade him from carrying it into execution. She bade him farewell with little expectation of ever beholding him again. But as time went on, and there came the thrilling, dismaying, heart-rending news of the death of the Maid of Orleans, she knew, though he had not yet returned to Petit Burey, that Paul had not succeeded in his efforts. When he did come afterward, and related to her his interview with Joan, the two wept together sacred tears for the fate of the heroic maid.

We will now go forward to several days succeeding that on which Pierre d'Arc and his pretty Eloise were joined in wedlock.

They arrived in Petit Burey in due time after setting out on their wedding journey, and were received with joy by Marie and her parents and Paul Alluf, who was present.

On the morning after they had been set down at the jeweller Laxart's they awoke to a glorious day. It was to be the bridal one of Paul and Marie, and they had waited and would not wed till Pierre had come up with his new-made wife.

This was to be a wedding richer in appointments than Pierre d'Arc's and his petite Eloise's, for Durand Laxart and his good wife had set their hearts upon seeing their lovely daughter arrayed again in brilliants and other dresses than the sombre colours she had worn since the death of Joan. So they bought her rich robes, and had them made by skillful modistes, and Durand Laxart reserved his handsomest jewels for the trousseau of the bride.

And there were other guests than Pierre and his wife, for the jeweller had many influential friends, who wished to see his daughter given in marriage to her brave young lover, who, it was rumoured, had once paid homage to the departed "Maid of Orleans," and who had twice rescued her life when he was her page in battle.

These stories added interest and a sad romance to the marriage scene; and many gained invitations to the wedding supper which followed that they might go away and tell of the brave young groom who had been so noble in battle and in love. For all had seen and known Marie, her extreme loveliness having called attention of nearly all in Petit Burey.

The bride was now more lovely than ever. Her countenance wore a paler hue than when we first saw her upon the village green in Domremy, and there was perhaps a softened light in the clear blue eyes and about the full, cherry lips; but her form was perfect as then, her golden hair gleamed with the same rich hue, and her petite hands and feet were faultless in shape as then. She wore a heavily wrought, purely white lace robe, looped up with white roses fastened securely by clear, shining pearls. A long, fleecy bridal veil, fastened at the forehead by a band of pearls, fell in soft folds about her elegant figure. Her white neck and arms were encircled by gems of the same kind, and she stood amid her guests, the fairest of them all; and there was little wonder that the heart of the handsome groom thrilled with pride and love as he beheld the faultless loveliness of her whom he had won to be his own.

The wedding ceremony proceeded. Durand Laxart gave away the bride; the two were united in the holy bands of wedlock; and Paul Alluf drew the arm of his wife within his own, and moved away to a quiet nook in one of the rooms, where they could hold converse for a brief space uninterrupted.

As Marie glanced in his face she read his thoughts and said:

"You are thinking of Joan, Paul? I, too, have thought of her to-day. But I feel that her blessing is resting upon us both. Do you not think it is thus, my Paul?" she asked, as the tears moistened her soft lashes.

"Yes, I know it is so; and I brought you hither that I might tell you I felt it," he said. Then he added: "Ma chère Marie, we will think of this often; for your Cousin Joan was one of the purest maidens that our eyes have ever beheld, and neither we nor France shall ever look upon her like again."

The two were here interrupted by a score of voices, who cried out at the selfishness of the newly wedded pair in betaking themselves thus quickly apart from their guests; so, in self-defence, they allowed themselves to be surrounded and borne back to the centre of the large drawing-room, to be teased and tormented by their merry young friends assembled there. Soon the luxurious supper, which Monsieur Laxart had prepared for the guests, was announced; and Paul and Marie, with Pierre and Eloise, led the way to the handsome large dining-hall, and to the table filled with all the luxuries wealth could produce. It was a magnificent repast; and the merry, joyous guests did ample justice to the tempting viands so liberally set before them. Durand Laxart and his wife were filled with pride and happiness. All was festive as a marriage scene should ever be.

When evening came the guests departed.

On the following day Marie left the home of her girlhood, and departed for Domremy with her husband, for they were to live in his native town. Pierre and his young wife accompanied them on the journey, and they arrived at nightfall at the entrance of the village.

Just as the shades of evening were falling they entered the forest of Bois Chemin. They were riding slowly along when their pathway was darkened and obstructed by the form of an old, withered crone, who cried out as she peered into the carriage and beheld those within:

"It is as I said! Paul Alluf, you have wed the gay maid from Petit Burey! She will bestow on you the love her martyred cousin could not. But it is well! It is well! I give you my blessing! Go, and dwell with her in peace and happiness!"

And the woman flung her long right arm aloft as if in benison; and before they could reply had vanished from sight.

Her prophecy had been fulfilled.

THE END.





## LOVE'S PERILS.

### CHAPTER I.

Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just,  
And he but naked though locked up in steel  
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

On a dark summer night, in the year 1739, and in the city of Paris, there was visible, in the rear of a massive building, in the most aristocratic quarter of the capital, a single lighted window on the second storey, contrasting with the gloom of all around it. The interior of the apartment in which burned this solitary radiance was concealed by a curtain that occupied the whole framework. In the rear of the mansion thus distinguished was a large garden filled with fruit and ornamental trees, laid out in rectangular paths, adorned with statues and fountains, and surrounded by a high wall surmounted with a double row of iron spikes. The rays of light from the second-storey window, intercepted by the curtain, but feebly illuminated the foliage in the immediate vicinity. All was hushed around. Carriages and carts had ceased to rattle through the streets, and only the footfall of the patrols echoed from a remote distance.

But in the mysterious hush and darkness of the garden there was one person—a man—who, wrapped in a cloak to protect him from the influence of the night air, stood watching the illuminated window curtain with intense attention. Nor was his vigil unproductive of results. Soon, on the clear field of the smooth drapery appeared the dark silhouette of a female figure, now motionless, and now moving to and fro within the apartment. Thereupon the watcher in the garden threw a pebble against the glass to attract the attention of the inmate of the room. Directly the shadow became stationary in the centre of the curtain. The midnight visitor, whoever he was, then sang, in a low but sweet voice, the following verse of a serenade:

"There's a shadow on the earth,  
There's darkness on the sky,  
But there's brightness in the heart,  
And love-light in the eye;  
And thou knowest, lady fair,  
When the stars are veiled above  
And dull eyes are closed in sleep—  
'Tis the mystic hour of love."

As the strain died away the curtain was withdrawn, the casement opened, and the lady, whose attention had been thus wooed, bent over the window sill, and, in a low, sweet voice, pronounced the single word

"Armand!"

A smothered imprecation, inaudible to the lady,

### [FRATERNAL HATE.]

was uttered by the singer, but he replied to the question, in low and guarded tones:

"Your own true lover."

"But how imprudent, Armand!" remonstrated the lady. "Your mother, the duchess, is expected every moment from Versailles."

"We have yet time before us, Julia. There is a performance at the royal opera to-night, followed by a ball—and the festival is not near ended yet. I stole away from the crowd of courtiers in the royal circle, mounted my horse, and rode hither on the spur expressly to see you. We have so few opportunities of meeting—there are so many spies with Argus eyes about us. Give me a brief interview here in the garden."

The young lady appeared to hesitate.

"I conjure you," added the suppliant.

"Be patient, Armand," replied the lady; "I will join you."

The light and graceful figure disappeared from the window, and a moment afterwards a door in the lower storey was opened and Julie Fontange stole forth to meet her lover. He grasped her by the hand and drew her away from the house.

"Thanks—thanks," he said. "I am blessed beyond my hopes."

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed the lady. "It is not Armand."

"Not Armand de Preville, the poor chevalier, the penniless younger son," was the proud reply; "but one who loves you better, Julie; the elder brother of your patroness, Eugene de Preville. You will not tell me that you prefer the younger son to the titled head of the house—the chevalier to the marquis—the portionless dreamer and sympathizer with rebels to the lieutenant colonel of the Royal Germans?"

"This—this, sir, is treachery—heartless treachery!" replied Julie. "Could you not find any one to practise on but a poor dependent orphan girl, Farewell, sir—may you live to repent this insult!"

"Julie," said the marquis, imperiously, "you shall remain and hear me. Julie, I love you. I have looked into your bright eyes and forgotten that you were sprung from the cannille—the rabble—the havers of wood and drawers of water to the noblesse."

"You make me feel my position bitterly, sir," answered Julie. "Armand never maligned the people."

"No," replied the marquis, contemptuously. "My brother is a degenerate scion of our lofty house. He consorts with the philosophers—he is infected with the mad ideas of the day—and is a proselyte of those wretched doctrinaires who assert the absolute equality of mankind. But I did not send for you

to speak of that, and time flies. I came, dear Julie to offer you my heart."

"What mockery! Could I respond to your advances you know well that your mother would never sanction your addresses."

"I shall not trouble her for her consent. Julie, it is in my power to surround you with every luxury. Armand has nothing to offer you but his heart. Accept my suit and yours shall be a life of splendour. Many a titled dame shall envy you your equipage, your horses, your liveries, and your diamonds. I have a petite maison fitted up like an eastern palace. You shall be my sultana."

"Away!" cried Julie. "Do not wound my ears with such language. I love another; you have surprised my secret, and you forced its avowal. But you know that I can never be yours or his. You know that I am one of the people, and that the inexorable forms of society have placed an impregnable barrier between us. To youth and beauty they are pitiless. Hearts are crushed in the iron vice of this system. Oh, people of France! what are you but the dust for the nobility to trample on? what are the daughters of France but the slaves of your caprices? Farewell, sir, I forgive you for troubling my repose on condition that you will not repeat the offence."

"You shall not leave me, by Heaven!" exclaimed the marquis. "Henceforth we part no more. My servants and carriage are without—I will bear you through the postern gate with or without your consent."

"And you boast of being a French gentleman!" said Julie, scornfully.

"A French noble and the master of his vassal!" retorted the marquis as he seized her arm.

Julie Fontange uttered a piercing shriek, hopeless as that despairing cry seemed to be. But it was not uttered in vain. It was heard by one of all others most keenly alive to its tones. There was a rustle in the shrubbery—a dark figure sprang forward, and in a moment the young girl was clasped in the arms of Armand de Preville, the younger brother of the marquis.

"Saved! saved!" said Julie, sobbing hysterically, as she clung to her preserver.

"Go into the house!" whispered Armand. "I will arrange everything."

Julie went to the house, but came back in alarm. "The door is locked on the inside!" said she.

"What woes accumulate upon my head!"

"Marquis de Preville," said the chevalier, advancing with a menacing air to his brother, "it is you who have surrounded this young girl with snares; you have plotted the injury of this guiltless creature—or orphan, brought up with us from

infancy as a sister. Relinquish your persecution of her, or—” He paused and laid his hand significantly on his sword-hilt. The light from the window, though faint, was strong enough to make his gesture manifest.

“For Heaven’s sake, Armand—for my sake,” said Julie, clinging to his arm, “be careful—be prudent. Oh, sir,” continued she, addressing the marquis, “be merciful as you are powerful. If indeed it is you who have out of my retreat renounce your purpose, and let me retire.”

“I never renounce my purposes,” answered the marquis. “And for you, sir,” he said, addressing the chevalier, “remember who you are—a younger son—a nobody, a vassal, bound to respect the slightest wishes of the head of your family.”

“Your younger brother, it is true,” replied Armand—but a man. I am not your vassal, and standing here in defence of innocence against oppression, I am thrice armed. Drive me not to forget, in my just indignation, the ties of blood that should bind our hearts together. This girl, almost our sister, I take under my protection, and I swear that you shall not harm her.”

As he spoke with his left hand he grasped the right hand of Julie, and stood confronting his elder brother, erect, resolute and defiant.

“Unhand the girl, sir!” said the marquis, sternly, advancing a step forward as he spoke.

“Stand back, sir,” said the chevalier, in a tone of equal haughtiness, “and give me free passage with my charge.”

“What! stand back and permit you to abduct her before my very eyes?” said the marquis. “Really, this insolence of which I did not think you capable.”

“Oh, Armand, provoke him not!” cried Julie. “You know not what you do. He is powerful, he is the head of your house.”

“I care not!” said Armand, fiercely, drawing his sword. “The elder must give way to the latter man!”

“You will force me then to chastise you.”

The marquis, too, drew his sword. In an instant the slender rapiers crossed each other, and thrusts were interchanged with the rapidity of lightning. Julie wrung her hands and shrieked aloud, regardless of the consequences.

Both the combatants engaged in the unnatural strife were adroit swordsmen, though perhaps the profession of arms gave the advantage to the marquis. But if he was vigorous and skilful Armand was active and supple, wary and adroit.

The light blades coiled around each other, hissing like embracing serpents, but as yet their brightness was undimmed with blood.

The adversaries, inflamed by a deadly purpose, regarded not the shrieks of Julie—forgot the place, blood, everything but the hate that jealousy inspired; and the death of one or both might have been the result of the combat but for a fortunate interposition.

Suddenly a glare of light illuminated the whole garden. A double door of the Hotel de Preville was thrown wide open, and, advancing through a file of liveried lacquies, holding their flaming torches on high, appeared a tall and stately lady, superbly attired, and blazing with diamonds from head to foot. Behind her stalked the stooping figure of a man dressed in a shabby suit of black.

“Hold! I command you!” was the imperious exclamation of the stately lady who appeared thus unexpectedly upon the scene.

The combatants instantly dropped their swords, and a moment afterwards sullenly returned them to their scabbards.

“What is the meaning of this?” asked the lady. “Why is it that I see you—my sons—engaged in deadly strife?”

The marquis and the chevalier were silent.

The Duchess de Preville, for it was no other, glanced sternly from one to the other, but received no answer. Her bright eyes, the fire of which age had not dimmed, now rested on Julie, the innocent cause of the strife, with a glance of penetration.

“Julie,” said she, “I beg your pardon, I did not notice you before. How came you here at this hour of the night? Speak!”

Julie attempted to reply, but her voice failed.

“Can you explain this, chevalier?” continued the duchess, turning to her younger son.

Armand was silent.

“Marquis,” pursued the duchess, “I must have satisfaction. I charge you to speak.”

The Marquis de Preville raised his head haughtily. “To none other than to you, madam,” he said, “would I have vouchsafed a reply.”

“No other has the right to interrogate you, sir,” said the duchess.

“I forgot not that you are my mother,” replied the marquis. “To you, then, I answer that Julie Fontange is present at my command. I required an interview with her, and she, as my vassal and inferior, is bound to obey me.”

“She is under my protection, and amenable only

to me,” said the duchess. “Julie, my child,” she added, in a gentler tone than she had hitherto assumed, “go to your room. Your repose shall not again be disturbed, and remember henceforth that you are required to obey no commands but those that issue from my lips.”

Julie bowed low as she passed before the duchess, and withdrew as she had been commanded.

“For you, sir,” said the duchess, severely, addressing her younger son, “I command you to go to your room, and hold yourself in readiness there to obey my orders.”

Armand bit his lip till the blood started, and then, with a low bow to his mother and a glance of menace and anger at his elder brother, obeyed the imperious mandate of the lady. The latter approached the marquis, and drew him out of reach of the attendants.

“Eugene,” said she, “why are you here? Your absence from Versailles was noted to-night when Paris is in a ferment and the throne itself in danger. The queen herself inquired after you. Why, when you are on the high road to royal favour, will you thus sport with your fortunes? The house of one of the proudest names in France—Lieutenant-colonel of the Royal German—your grandfather, the héritier of a marshal is not beyond your grasp. And will you jeopardize your brilliant future by neglecting your opportunities, and pursuing a low-born girl, one of the people? I did not expect this of you.”

“I care little for Julie,” answered the marquis, sullenly. “But I cannot bear to see a younger brother find more favour in the eyes of beauty than myself. I could not bear to see him prosper in his suit.”

“Dismiss that care from your mind,” said the duchess. “Julie shall never be his—I pledge you my word—I have other views for her and him. Do you think I could consent to so degrading an alliance? Never. I have taken measures already to separate them—and you know that when my resolution is once taken nothing can shake it.”

“If I were sure of that, I would forgive my disappointment,” said the marquis.

“You may rest assured of it,” said the duchess. “And now will you give me your word of honour to forget this girl and bring no farther scandal on our house?”

“I will,” answered the marquis.

“I thank you, my son, for this mark of your confidence and obedience. You have earned your mother’s blessing.”

The marquis took the hand she extended to him and respectfully raised it to his lips.

“And now,” continued the duchess, “will you go with me and partake of some refreshment, or will you at once return to your post and your duty at Versailles?”

“I will ride back at once to Versailles,” replied the marquis. “After this excitement I can neither eat nor drink. A sharp gallop will be the best sedative to my nerves.”

“Good-night, then,” said the duchess, “and take a mother’s blessing with you.”

She laid her hand lightly on his uncovered head and then passed into the hotel with her attendants.

As the shabby, stooping man who had accompanied her was about following in the rear of her train the marquis laid his hand upon his arm and drew him back into the garden.

“One word with you, M. Godfrey Deneval,” said the marquis.

“I’m in a hurry,” said the person thus addressed, nervously. “Your lady mother has business with me, and—”

“You shall obey her commands after attending to mine,” interrupted the marquis. “I must and will have a word with you.”

The man in black stood uncovered, uneasily twisting his three-cornered hat in his hand.

“M. Godfrey Deneval,” said the marquis, “you are a notary?”

“Such is my profession, certainly,” answered Deneval.

“And my mother’s man of business?”

“All the world knows that.”

“And consequently a great rascal!”

“You are facetious, sir.”

“Not at all—I never jest. You had a hand in this business to-night.”

“My dear marquis.”

“Cease your familiarity! Who looked the door by which yonder girl entered the garden?”

“You don’t suspect me, I hope,” said the man of the law, trembling violently.

“No, I don’t suspect you of doing it.”

“I breathe more freely.”

“But, knowing you to be a rascal,” continued the marquis, “I know that you did it.”

“I protest that you are mistaken,” said the notary.

“Hang your protestations! Don’t I know that

you are always sneaking about the house night and day, working mischief, and spying upon the actions of your superiors? You have dared, sir, this night to come between me and my purpose.”

“Oh, spare me, noble marquis,” said the notary, now thoroughly frightened.

“I have a great mind,” said the marquis, clapping his hand on his sword, “to give you a lesson for your impertinent intermeddling that would last you all your life: in a word, to crop your ears close off to your head. You would remember me then every time you were tempted to play the cavedropper.”

“Mercy! mercy! most noble marquis!” said the poor man, falling on his knees and clasping his hands in supplication.

“You know such things are done every day,” said the marquis, who took a malicious pleasure in playing on the fears of the notary. “A French noble may do almost anything with impunity short of absolute murder. But get up and stand on your feet.”

The notary obeyed.

“You have it in your power to disarm my vengeance. You remember I spoke to you about a trifling loan?”

“A trifling loan? It was a thousand louis.”

“A thousand louis—very well. Have you raised it for me?”

“Money is scarce. But on good security—”

“My note of hand is ready for you.”

“What endorsement, sir?”

“Endorsement, you rascal! Do you talk to me of endorsement?”

“I’ll—I’ll wait if I can get the money,” stammered the notary.

“You scoundrel! You have it about you at this moment.”

The notary groaned aloud.

“Come—sirrah! I’m in a hurry. I hear my horse stamping impatiently in the street. The money or your ears.”

Thus urged, the notary lugged out a heavy purse and placed it in the hands of the most noble Marquis de Preville, Lieutenant-colonel of the Royal Germans.

“It’s all I am worth in the world!” said he, with a deep sigh.

“Don’t risk your soul for a thousand louis,” said the marquis, pocketing the money. “You know you are getting rich while we are getting poor. There’s my note. Now we are quits.”

Bustoning up his coat, he strode to the postern gate, and, unlocking it by means of a pass-key he produced from his pocket, emerged into the street. A carriage and two or three mounted lacquies with a led horse were in waiting.

One of the men dismounted, and, approaching the marquis, took off his hat respectfully.

“The lady, sir?” said he.

“There is no lady in the case,” answered the marquis, pettishly. “Tell the coachman to put up the carriage and horses. You, Beauval, will ride to Versailles with me to-night.”

The necessary orders were given and the carriage drove off at a rapid rate.

Disdaining the aid of his servant, the marquis vaulted into his saddle and driving his spurs into his horse’s flanks dashed up the street at a gallop.

As soon as Beauval was seated he followed his master at the same speed.

The notary had lingered a moment in the garden.

“A thousand louis!” he muttered. “If he is lucky at play he will pay me. At any rate I shall be no loser. It is but deducting the debt from the rents to-morrow, with ten per cent. addition to pay me for the insults and the menaces he heaped upon me. Ah, Eugene de Preville, little do you dream of the vengeance that is in store for all you and your hated race. You will soon learn that the hewers of wood and drawers of water are not mere stocks and stones. Our time has arrived. Even now blood has been shed and Paris is on the eve of revolt.”

And with these words the wily notary passed into the Hotel de Preville.

## CHAPTER II.

In the meanwhile the Duchess de Preville had entered her private cabinet, dismissing her attendants, and had despatched a message to Julie, in obedience to which the latter had been ushered into the presence of her mistress and left alone with her.

The duchess was seated in state in a carved and gilded arm-chair, lined with purple velvet, and, attired as she was in a style of almost regal magnificence, with a stately bearing which time had not humbled, it was little to be wondered at that her presence impressed with awe a young girl brought up in a reverential regard for the nobility and taught to believe that something of divinity almost reigned throughout the upper classes.

The altar, the throne and the nobility were so intimately associated in the minds of persons circumstanced like Julie Fontange that all the represen-



tatives of these three estates had a sacredness of which in these days we can form scarcely a conception. The awe they inspired kept down with a crushing weight both the operations of the mind and the impulses of the heart.

It is true that new ideas were fermenting in the minds both of the upper and lower classes; but the stratum between these extremes of society was as yet unshaken.

In the case of Julie a deep feeling of gratitude added respect to the individual to regard for the representative of a class. We are thus prepared to find her ready for any act of obedience or sacrifice commanded by the imperious will of the duchess.

She trembled violently as she entered the presence of the great lady. The latter, compassionating her emotion, assigned her a seat, which she gratefully accepted.

"Julie," said the duchess, "I have sent for you on a subject of grave import. The scandal-to-night must never be repeated. Its nature I can partly guess, but I choose to seek information from your own lips."

"I never yet deceived you, madam," said the young girl, raising her soft eyes to the face of the duchess, and speaking with tremulous difficulty.

"I know it, my child, but you have conducted yourself thoughtlessly to-night."

"I acknowledge it."

"You should not have granted the marquis an interview without my sanction."

"I granted no interview to the marquis," returned Julie, blushing deeply.

"Whom, then, did you expect to meet in the garden?"

"The chevalier," replied Julie, lowering her eyes.

"The chevalier!" exclaimed the duchess, apparently greatly surprised.

"Yes, madam. Oh, madam!" she continued, after a great effort. "Pardon me—I am young, heedless, inexperienced. Pardon my confession; you would, if you knew how much it cost me to make it—but I have ventured—I have dared—to love the chevalier."

"And he has told you that he loved you?"

"Yes, madam."

"I know it all," replied the duchess, calmly. "Think you that with the honour of my family at stake I can be blind to what is passing around me? Julie, what a position you have placed us in! Loved by two brothers, and the cause of an almost fatal feud between them!"

"Alas! madam, it was not my fault."

"The one," continued the duchess, coldly, "persecuting you with unhalloved addresses—the other offering you a hand he knew that he had not the right to bestow."

"But he hoped to obtain your permission."

"He knew better," said the duchess. "And you—pardon me for saying it—you knew better yourself."

"Alas! madam, I only listened to my heart and my hopes, not to my reason."

"The heart is a treacherous counsellor, Julie. You should not have listened for a moment to the chevalier. You but half performed your moral duty. As you spurned the advances of the marquis so too should you have silenced the addresses of the chevalier. And, had you been true to your training, you should have acquainted me at the outset with what was going on, and not left it to the chance of my penetration to discover."

Julie was silent and the duchess continued:

"You know, Julie, that to me you owe all. A founding, I received you into my house. My conscience would have acquitted me had I brought you up among the servants of the family. I did better by you—I kept you near my person, I taught you accomplishments, and in every respect gave you a superior education."

"For this, madam, I am deeply grateful. Yet perhaps it would have been better for my peace of mind had you been less kind."

Without noticing the remark the duchess said: "It was my purpose to unite you to a respectable person and to give you a suitable dowry. Your imprudence, joined with the conduct of my sons, has precipitated matters."

The poor girl cast a terrified glance upon her patroness and breathlessly awaited the explanation of this hint.

"So long as you are free the trouble you have caused in my family will not cease," continued the duchess; "and it must end—and at once. You must be married immediately."

"Oh, madam!" cried Julie, falling on her knees and clasping the hands of her mistress. "Bid me do anything but that."

"Rise," said the duchess, coldly, "and resume your seat. You know me well enough to know that what I have determined on I execute inflexibly. Tears and prayers are unavailing."

"But I love the chevalier—I have confessed it to him."

"So much the worse. His passion must be quenched, and that can only be done by giving you the name of another man."

"It is too much, I cannot consent," said Julie.

"Then you will bring ruin on the head of your lover," said the duchess.

"Ruin!"

"Ay, girl."

"I do not understand you."

"Then I will make my meaning perfectly plain. Do you know what a lettre de cachet means?"

"A lettre de cachet?"

"Yes. A lettre de cachet is a sealed mandate issued by the king—a secret order for the incarceration of the person therein mentioned in one of the prisons of the state. The person thus arrested and imprisoned has no redress. He has no appeal to any legal tribunal. His liberty is forfeited by the simple will of the monarch. Hundreds thus imprisoned never again breathe the free air of 'It is dreadful," said Julie.

"You shall behold one of these terrible miseries," said the duchess.

As she spoke she took from her bosom a folded parchment bearing the royal seal of Louis XVI. It was addressed to the lieutenant of the police of Paris.

Julie shuddered as her eyes rested on the fatal document.

"May I venture to ask, madam," she inquired, "against whom this warrant is directed?"

"It is a state secret, but, as you are interested in it, I will reply to your question. The person named therein is my own son—Armand de Preville."

"Oh, madam, is he to be torn away from us?"

"He is."

"And whither conveyed?"

"To the Bastille."

"To the Bastille? To the Bastille?" exclaimed Julie.

"To that dread fortress whose portals yawn like the portals of the grave? Oh, I have never crossed the Place de la Bastille, on which those terrible round towers frown eternally, without a shudder! And can it be that that is to be the prison house of Armand? Oh, madam, say that you have been but jesting, but do not say that Armand is to be conveyed to that fearful fortress!"

"I have said it," answered the duchess.

"Is there no way to save him?" asked the almost frantic girl.

"Yes; one."

"Name it, I conjure you."

"You must cease to love him."

"That is impossible. So long as life lasts the love that he has inspired will last too."

"But it is in your power to reject his suit."

"That is indeed within my power, though it will cost me the anguish of a lifetime."

"But that alone is not enough. So long as you are free so long will he—for I know him well—attempt to gain possession of you; so long too will you be a source of discord to my sons."

"Then let me retire to a convent."

"How long, in these troubled times, when the basis of society is shaken, will the convent be a safe retreat?"

"I see—I see," said Julie, wringing her hands.

"For me there is no place of refuge, no peace but in the grave. Will my death content you?"

"I seek not your death, foolish girl; but only to do my duty by my family. No, you must bestow your hand upon another."

"Without love?"

"Who weds for love in France?" asked the duchess.

"Marriage is with us a mere arrangement dictated by prudence, thrift, or policy. Mark me well—the crisis is a desperate one—and I am wrought up by it to a pitch of desperation. If you would not bring utter ruin on the head of Armand you will be obedient to my commands."

We shall not attempt to describe the long discussion that ensued—the arguments used by the duchess—the unavailing resistance of the girl; all ended, as might have been foreseen from her helpless condition, her peculiar position, her education, and the habits of the times, in a pledge of implicit obedience.

"And when, madam," finally asked the victim of this feudal tyranny, "when do you propose to dispose of me in marriage?"

"To-night!"

"To-night!"

"Yes. Recall what I have said—remember that the fate of Armand hangs upon a thread, and the thread is in your hand. Besides, this marriage is merely formal. The ceremony once performed, you will be free, and stand higher than ever in my favour. Now no more words—for I am fatigued and weary. Go to my dressing-room, where you will find my maid waiting to attire you. I will soon join you."

Pale and tearless, stunned by what she had heard, and more like a patient in a somnambulo state than a person awake, the young girl moved out of the apartment with a noiseless step.

The duchess, leaning her head on her hand, passed a few moments in reverie. She then touched a bell rope, the distant tinkle of a bell was heard, and before its vibration had ceased Godfrey Dorneval stood before her, and, bowing, silently awaited her commands.

"You are decidedly of opinion, Dorneval," said the duchess, "that a temporary seclusion from the world will be the best thing I can do for the chevalier at present?"

"Such is my conviction, madam."

"You are quite certain that he frequents these meetings and is in league with the turbulent men who have already rebelled against the government of their country?"

"I am."

"And you think that solitude and a knowledge that his lady love is given to another will extinguish that foolish and disgraceful passion?"

"I do."

"Then take this lettre de cachet and put it in the hands of the lieutenant of police. Were it a disgrace for a noble to be incarcerated in the Bastille I would have spared Armand. But the noblest families of France have been represented there. I have seen de Launay, the governor, and provided that every indulgence and luxury shall be afforded him. When he has come to his senses I will procure an order for his release. But filial disobedience, disloyalty and a humiliating passion deserve a severe lesson."

"And you would have him arrested?"

"This night—immediately. It is imperative, for within the hour Julie is to be married."

"To whom, madam?"

"I look to you for a husband."

"To me, madam! I have an irresistible aversion to matrimony."

"You mistake my meaning. I look to you to provide one. There are five hundred louis," she added, putting a purse in the notary's hand. "With money in Paris one can do anything. Find me some honest poor man who is willing to give his name to an honest and good girl to oblige a noble lady, and who will not be troubled by his wife after the ceremony is performed. Have you such a one in your mind?"

"I have," replied the notary. "A man who has come up from Dauphiné to seek his fortune, and has had ill-luck thus far. He is to a certain extent in my power. I think I can prevail with him."

"See him at once then—and bring him back with you as speedily as possible. If you enable me to carry through my purposes to-night you shall be handsomely rewarded."

The notary bowed low and left the presence of the duchess, who, as the reader has seen, scrupled at nothing to secure the execution of her commands. Thus, in spite of a certain degree of affection for Julie, she crushed her heart without remorse when her inexorable family pride commanded the sacrifice, and thus she also deceived her victim with regard to the destination of Armand with equal unscrupulousness.

Power is a dangerous gift to a woman of such a character.

(To be continued.)

# AN INDIAN LEGEND.

THE following is told of a beautiful sheet of water known as the Spirit Lake, in Central Wisconsin:

Many years ago, ere the foot of the pale face had trod the soil which the red man claimed as his own many tribes dwelt near this lake; for in this lake were fish, and among the bluffs and in the neighbouring forest were game; while the warrior, when tired of the chase, could seek pleasure, and find it, bathing in the clear, bright waters, which he only, under the Great Spirit, claimed, and with his light canoe could take his love out boating. Indeed, it seemed to the happy red man a paradise, as well it might.

As fortune would have it, a Frenchman, more daring than his fellows, wandered from the settlements and found the lake; he indulged with the Indians in the pleasure and disappointment of the chase, and lingered long among them. When first he came among the red men he was charmed with the beauty and loveliness of an Indian maiden, and made love to her. She loved in return, and all went on merrily; and when the autumn leaves began to fall, and the feathered songsters to fly away to a Southern home, the French hunter sought an interview with the aged chief, her father, to ask his consent to the hoped-for marriage. But at the same time a young warrior, who had looked with jealous eyes upon the Frenchman, and had often in vain sought to win the affections of the fair maiden of his tribe, came to the old chief and asked for his daughter's hand. The chieftain, disdaining partiality to the warrior on account of the fact that he was one of his tribe, stepped to the bank of the lake with the two suitors, and, pointing to a high and rugged-looking tree upon the opposite shore said:

"He of you who shall first bring me an eaglet from the nest in yonder tree shall be the successful suitor."

When the old chieftain ceased speaking the hunter and warrior sprang into their light canoes, and were across the lake in a trice. The warrior struck the shore first, but the hunter was the first to climb the crags and tree, and was descending with the eaglet, when the faithless warrior pushed him from a limb on which he stood, and the hunter was dashed in pieces on the rugged rocks below.

The Indian maiden, who had watched with painful interest the different transactions proceeding, when she saw her lover fall leaped far out into the lake with a wild, piteous cry, and sank into the clear waters never to rise again.

The superstitious red men fancy that the spirit of the departed maiden rules the storms, and that it would be death for an Indian to risk himself on the waters of the lake.

## HUNTED FOR HER MONEY.

### CHAPTER XXV.

THE announcement of the name of Colonel Brand reached the ears of Beatrix as she halted within the door of the conservatory. The sound of that detested name was enough to drive from her mind all the anxieties crowding into it—all thought of Lady Follott, or Miss Bernyngham, or even of Sir Lionel Charlton.

Colonel Brand here! at Follott Court!

The hunted girl gasped for breath, and leaned heavily against the door-post. And then the clear and silvery tones of Colonel Brand's voice, sleek and persuasive, penetrated to her concealment.

She comprehended that he was introducing himself to Lady Follott; that the baroness was responding to him coldly and haughtily; and, then, that he was entering upon the object of his visit.

He had traced her to Follott Court! He had come to take her away from this safe refuge, these kind friends!

The basket of flowers fell from her grasp. The instinct of flight possessed her soul. She looked about her with a wild glance. A door opened into the wide hall at no great distance from her. The girl sped down the green and fragrant aisles, through this door and the hall, up the stairs, to her own room.

Here she sank down in a chair, wild-eyed and panting.

The season was May, but, according to that custom of Follott Court to which allusion has been made, a fire burned low and ruddily in the grate. Beatrix was strangely chilled. And so, almost immediately, she arose from her seat near the door and crouched down upon the hearth-rug in the warmth of the glow and blaze and put out her white and quivering hands to the soft heat.

Her thoughts were all confused. A great terror possessed her. The memories of all the horrors she had endured from the hour of her escape from her prison chamber in the Chateau Valbeck crowded thickly into her mind. She looked about her with big, affrighted eyes, as if expecting to see her enemy enter her very presence.

But gradually she grew calmer. Her courage and self-possession returned to her. Her thoughts became cooler, quieter, more self-concentrated.

"He will not penetrate to my chamber," she said to herself. "I am safe here for the present. But if, as I believe, he has power to take me away from this house, I shall not be safe here for many hours. I must resume my flight again. I must abandon this shelter, these friends. Ah, how did he trace me here?"

She arose and went into her dressing-room, intent upon preparations for her flight.

Among the articles she had ordered from London from Lady Follott's dressmaker had been a large and well-appointed dressing-bag. Beatrix hastened to pack carefully into this a silk dress, and changes of linen of every description. The bag was then not too heavy to carry, as she readily proved in transporting it into her parlour.

"I regret now having bought so much clothing," she thought. "Still, I have three hundred pounds remaining. My dear husband that sum with the greatest care."

Her pocket-book was in her trunk. She took it out, examined its contents, and leaving some twenty pounds within it, transferred all the remainder to a pocket she had sewed in her stays. Then she brought out a cashmere sacque like her costume, a round black straw hat, trimmed with black velvet and daisies, and a shawl and gloves.

She was in the act of putting on her sacque when a low knock was heard upon her door, and Lady

Follott's maid entered, bearing a bunch of wood-violets on a small silver salver.

"With the compliments of Sir Lionel Charlton, Miss Clare," she said, delivering the flowers. "Sir Lionel just came in by the garden entrance, and I told him that you had gone up to dress for dinner and my lady had a visitor, so he gave these flowers to me to bring up to you and went directly to his own room."

The woman was rather garrulous in her speech, and her busy eyes noted the young lady's outer wrappings, but they not observe the travelling-bag. With an idea that "Miss Clare" had been about to take a walk upon the terrace and wait there for her flowers, she made some remark upon the hour and offered to assist Beatrix as usual with her toilet.

"Thank you," said the girl, gently; "but I shall not need your services to-day. You need not come in again before dinner."

Slipping a sovereign into the woman's hand, she quietly dismissed her.

Left alone, Beatrix pressed the little bunch of fragrant violets to her lips. A sudden mist of tears obscured her eyes. Then she put the flowers in her bosom, and murmured:

"At least I may keep them, even if he is to marry Miss Bernyngham. I shall never see him again—never!"

And in these words she renounced all her secret dreams of love and happiness, and took up again her life of flight and desolation.

She was still standing, pale and calm and strangely resolute, before the hearth, when a tapping was again heard upon her door, and Lady Follott entered.

Her ladyship was flushed and agitated; an angry sparkle burned in her blue eyes; her countenance expressed an anxious determination. As she beheld Beatrix her face softened into an expression of tenderness and affectionate sympathy.

Her gaze took in upon the instant the preparations Beatrix had made for departure.

"My dear child!" she exclaimed. "What are you doing? You surely were not going away without my knowledge?"

"Oh, no," replied Beatrix, with a strange weariness of voice and face. "I meant to send you a message at the very last moment. I did indeed, dear Lady Follott. I could not go away without thanking you for all your goodness to me."

"And not without seeing me and Nerea also, I hope, Beatrix," said the baroness. "Poor Nerea! she loves you dearly; I dread the effect your loss will have upon her. She never had a sister, and I had hoped that you two would be as sisters to each other. She does not know of Colonel Brand's presence in the house, nor does Lion. And now tell me, dear, where were you thinking of going?"

"I had not thought," replied the girl, desolately. "I am no longer safe here. I must go somewhere, but where I do not yet know. Is he—Colonel Brand still in this house?"

"Yes, dear," said Lady Follott, gravely. "He refuses to go away without you."

Beatrix did not tremble now, but the whiteness of her lovely young face, the desperate expression in her dark-gray eyes, touched Lady Follott to the soul.

"Sit down here on the sofa with me, Beatrix," said the lady, leading the girl to a low silken couch. "Colonel Brand is in the drawing-room below, as fierce as an unchained tiger, even though he seems as bland as a summer morning. But you are safe within this room. He would not dare penetrate to the private chambers of this house. He will stay, he declares, until you come down to him."

"I will not see him!" cried Beatrix, her passionate young voice all a-quiver. "Oh, Lady Follott, do not let him talk you over to his side as he persuaded Mr. Hillsley. He seems good and kind and honest, but he is base, wicked and treacherous. Think how he has persecuted me! how he shut me up in a prison-room at the Chateau Valbeck! Think of the hideous fate he has in store for me! Oh, do not give me up to him! Let me escape—now—while there is time!"

She sprang up, but Lady Follott held her close in a firm yet gentle clasp.

"Beatrix, do you think I could betray you?" cried the baroness. "My dear child, listen to me. Be calm, dear. Do you think that Colonel Brand's specious seeming could deceive me? I believe him to be all that you have said, hypocritical, cruel, wicked and desperate. I would as soon give you up to a ravening wolf as to that man!"

Beatrix seized the hand of Lady Follott and covered it with kisses.

"But," continued the baroness, touched by this outburst of gratitude, "I must not hide from you, dear Beatrix, my inability to protect you from him.

He is your legal guardian. He is armed with a warrant for your arrest as a person of unsound mind, and as a minor who has fled from her rightful guardian. He has a policeman in waiting outside the door—"

Beatrix started; her face grew deathlier in its pallor.

"A warrant for my arrest? A policeman?" she whispered.

"Yes, Beatrix, the power is in his hands, and he does not scruple to use it. I have implored him in vain. He will not hearken to my entreaties. I cannot keep you here and bid defiance to him. The law is on his side."

"But could you not keep me here while you make application in my behalf to the orphan's court?" asked Beatrix, desperately. "Can you not also invoke the law?"

"My dear child, I have not power to keep you over night under my roof. And before I could invoke the aid of the law to your rescue Colonel Brand would have removed you out of the country."

"Then you refuse to aid me? You give me up?"

"By no means, Beatrix, can you ask me that? I am persuaded that, in a recourse to law, Colonel Brand would have the advantage of you. He is your legal guardian, the husband of your father's sister, and has the reputation of being an honorable gentleman. He says that his wife is heart-broken upon your account. His manner and words would delude any judge or jury into believing him the noblest of men, and you a rebellious, wayward, half-demented girl. And that is not all," continued Lady Follott, her face flushing yet more deeply. "It seems that he has made inquiries about you at Follott Pens, and he professes to think that Sir Lionel Charlton is your lover. I explained to him in vain my views in regard to Lion and Nerea. He continued in his belief that you and Lion are lovers, and he professes to regard your stay in the same house with Sir Lionel as indelicate. In short, my dear Beatrix, Colonel Brand has the power to take you away, and an open resistance to his authority will not result in your deliverance, but in a very unpleasant scandal."

"But you have said that you will not give me up to him!" cried the girl, anxiously.

"True. I will not. Yet I cannot resist his demands. I cannot fight him openly. A recourse to the law would cause a delay that might prove fatal. Since, then, we cannot resort to open war, cannot make a bold resistance to him, we must try evasion. I dare not summon Sir Lionel to share in our counsels, lest he do something hot-headed and rash, that shall provoke the scandal I desire to avoid. I am obliged, therefore, to rely upon my own judgment. You must leave the Court immediately, Beatrix."

The girl arose, calm and resolute.

"I am ready," she said, briefly.

"I formed my plans while I was listening to Colonel Brand," said Lady Follott. "Upon leaving the drawing-room my first movement was to learn if he had really a policeman in waiting, as he had said. It was true. The man is pacing the terrace, with his eyes fixed upon the front door. If you were to decide to accompany Colonel Brand peacefully, this policeman would not be called in. He will be summoned only in case of your own resistance. But there the man is near the carriage-porch, and it has not seemed to occur to him, or to Colonel Brand, that this house has other means of exit. Having assured myself that the policeman is really there, I went to the dining-room and transmitted an order through the butler to have a carriage made ready in all secrecy and haste. It must be waiting now. Then I went to my rooms and ordered Talcat, my maid, to prepare for a journey. She is doubtless ready by this time. Your boxes shall be sent after you, my dear, as soon as they can be sent safely. Talcat will not leave you until you are in safety. Have you messages to leave for Nerea and Lionel? I will tell them the reason of your hasty departure. I trust the year of your minority will pass swiftly, and that when you are safely delivered from all your troubles you will return to Follott Court as to your home."

Lady Follott also arose now, and took both the girl's hands in her own.

"I thank you," answered Beatrix, simply. "You are very good, and I am very grateful. I beg that you will make my adieux to Miss Bernyngham and Sir Lionel Charlton."

"You have not asked where you are going, my dear," said Lady Follott, trying to smile. "You have told me how friendless you are, and I shall venture to send you to a friend of my own, whose name is the first to occur to me in this emergency. She will treat you very kindly, and will watch over you as I would do. I think you would be safer with her than anywhere else in England. She is an elderly maiden lady, of limited income, somewhat



eccentric, and leads a lonely life, with only two servants to look after her. She will be grateful for your companionship, and I think you will be happy with her."

"I shall be happy anywhere where I will be safe!" "You will be safe with her, my dear. Talcut will tell you all about her as you travel. I have only time to say that you may trust my friend implicitly. She is a very distant relative of my own, a Scots-woman by birth, but English by education, and she lives in Durham. Her name is Miss McTavish—Octavia McTavish. Talcut will take all possible precautions, so that Colonel Brand will not be able to trace you to her house. Will you go to Miss McTavish, my dear? I can promise you a hearty welcome from her."

Beatriz had had some indistinct idea of seeking a refuge in Wales, having still in her possession that letter of recommendation to Mr. Trevor which had been given her by her travelling companion, Mrs. Trevor; but she gladly acceded to the plan proposed by Lady Folliott.

"It is settled, then," said the baroness. "That is Talcut's step in the hall. It is time for you to go. Trust my maid fully, my dear. I have given her special instructions. Write to me often. And now good bye. Heaven bless you and keep you, my dear child, and restore you safely to us!"

She embraced the girl with a mother's tenderness, gave some farther counsel, and then opened the door leading into the hall.

Talcut, the maid, an elderly, prim-looking woman, in travelling costume, was waiting outside.

"Is the way clear?" asked Lady Folliott.

"Yes, my lady," said Talcut, in a whisper. "The gentleman below sent up a message by the hall-porter bidding the young lady hurry. I told James that I would deliver the message. James says that the gentleman is walking the floor and growing savager with every moment. He's been to the door—the gentleman has—to talk with his policeman."

"There is no time to lose," said Lady Folliott. "Come, Beatriz; we will go down to the carriage."

She led the way almost silently across the great hall and nearly down its length, and then turned into a narrower corridor at right angles with it, Beatriz following, and Mrs. Talcut bringing up the rear with the young lady's dressing-bag and her own hand-bag.

The corridor opened into another hall parallel with the first, and a staircase led from this to a similar hall upon the lower floor.

Lady Folliott hurried swiftly, gaining a door looking out upon the rear gardens. Thence she made her way to the stables, closely followed by the fugitive heiress and the maid.

The carriage was in readiness in the stable-yard. The coachman was upon the box, and a stable-man stood at the carriage door.

The baroness bestowed a final embrace upon Beatriz, who climbed into the vehicle. The maid followed.

"Drive out at the back of the stable-yard," said Lady Folliott, in a low voice, addressing the coachman, "and over the back bridge of the moat. Take a circuitous route through the park, and drive carefully so as not to be heard from the house. You are not to go Spalding, but to Bourn!"

The coachman signified that he understood, and touched up his horses, driving slowly out of the stable-yard by a rear route.

Lady Folliott returned to the garden-door of the house, and, waiting there for a few minutes, listened intently.

She could barely hear the sound of the carriage-wheels on the moat bridge. She waited until she was quite sure that the carriage had entered the park, and then she returned to her own rooms.

She had scarcely entered them when a servant brought her an urgent written message from Colonel Brand stating that he must see her and Miss Rohan without farther delay.

Lady Folliott was holding the card in her hand when Sir Lionel Charlton entered her presence.

"What is this I hear, Aunt Folliott?" he asked.

"My valet tells me that there is a person below who has come for Miss Rohan."

"It is Colonel Brand," replied the baroness, calmly. "He is armed with a warrant, Lion, and we cannot resist him. Hush, my dear boy, Beatriz is safe. Do you think I would give her up to her enemies? She is gone!"

And in a few words she told him of Beatriz's flight and destination.

"We must gain a little time," concluded Lady Folliott. "I shall detain Colonel Brand as long as possible. You must not see him, Lion. There must be no scene, no cause for scandal. Remain with Nerea in the library and trust me to manage Beatriz's enemy."

And with a calm smile on her handsome face Lady Folliott slowly returned to the drawing-room and her dangerous guest.

# CHAPTER XXVI.

COLONEL BRAND was walking to and fro the great drawing-room with quick, impetuous strides and with a look of gathering suspicion darkening his face. He paused as the baroness entered and looked sharply beyond her, as if he expected to behold Beatriz.

"I must apologize for detaining you so long, sir," said Lady Folliott, with an icy politeness. "Pray resume your seat."

"Where is my niece—my ward?" demanded Colonel Brand, sharply, a sullen spark glowing in his small, black eyes. "Have you informed Beatriz that I am here, madam?"

"I have so informed her," replied the baroness, haughtily. "I told her also that you are armed with a warrant for her arrest and that you have a policeman waiting outside to take her into custody if she defies your authority."

Colonel Brand's thin, dark face lighted up with sudden satisfaction, his long, thin nose worked convulsively up and down, and he said, with a sinister delight expressed in every feature:

"I see that you understand me, madam. I am glad you stated the case so plainly to my niece. I suppose she was greatly terrified, that she realized her helplessness, that she saw that her safety lay in a complete submission to her relatives and guardians? Poor, unhappy, demented girl!" he added, sighing profoundly. "If you knew, Lady Folliott, the anxiety she has caused us, the sleepless nights she has given us, your heart would bleed for us. She is our niece. My wife has been more than a mother to her—yet how has she rewarded us!"

"But you say that she is demented," said Lady Folliott, dryly. "One should not expect much of a demented person."

Colonel Brand shot a keen glance at the calm, impassive face of the baroness. Her blue eyes were regarding him with a cool and haughty gaze. A sudden uneasiness took possession of him.

"Why does not Beatriz make her appearance?" he demanded, abruptly.

"I informed her of your intention of taking her away with you this very night," said the baroness, calmly. "I told her that you had a fly in waiting for her removal. You cannot expect that she will hasten down to you. You must have a little patience, sir. You must wait a little longer."

Colonel Brand turned on his heel and walked to one of the windows. Parting the curtains with his hand, he looked out. His ally, the policeman, was pacing the terrace slowly in the gathering gloom and keeping a vigilant watch upon the mansion and the drawbridge. Colonel Brand smiled and returned to Lady Folliott, who remained standing before the hearth.

"I had a momentary misgiving," he said, "but I see that it was the merest folly. I am not pleased with this detention, madam. Why am I obliged to wait so long for the appearance of my niece? Is she at this moment indulging in an interview with her new lover, Sir Lionel Charlton?"

Lady Folliott's face flushed, but she answered, calmly:

"Miss Rohan is not with my nephew, sir. She has not seen him since you came; she will not see him this evening."

"Then she will never see him again," said Colonel Brand, resuming his pacing to and fro, while the baroness sank gracefully into an arm-chair. "That girl has caused me a world of trouble, madam. When my brother-in-law in dying begged me to be a father to his child I little thought how onerous the charge would prove. Rebellious, wilful, wayward and headstrong, she has caused me to feel the truth of that hackneyed quotation from Shakespeare: 'How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child!'"

Lady Folliott had drawn a little work-table to her side, and in the light of the two wax candles upon it had begun to busy herself with a piece of gay woollen embroidery. She looked up now from her work, saying, quietly:

"But you say that her mind is unbalanced, sir. All things are pardoned in the insane, you know. If Miss Rohan is demented, as you affirm, she is certainly not to blame for her waywardness. She is to be pitied rather than blamed."

Colonel Brand bit his lips and continued his hurried walk to and fro. Lady Folliott calmly stitched at her embroidery.

A long silence succeeded, during which Beatriz's enemy often paused to listen for the sounds of her approach.

The baroness's thoughts went out after the young fugitive heiress, who was with every instant in-

creasing the distance between herself and her pursuers.

"Beatriz has so much the start," said Lady Folliott to herself, with a glance at the pretty Sevres clock, "that I need not delay Colonel Brand much longer. She has been gone over an hour. Talcut is very shrewd, and I gave her permission to use her own judgment in conducting this flight, and to change the plan of travel I had formed for any better one which she and Beatriz might decide upon. If they find themselves pursued they can alter their course, can travel by post-chaise, can spend a week in their journey to Durham. I can trust Talcut. Beatriz is absolutely safe with her, so I may as well dismiss Colonel Brand."

She looked up, meeting her visitor's gaze fixed full upon her.

Colonel Brand was about to speak, but he refrained, as the butler entered and announced that dinner waited.

The baroness arose, putting aside her work.

"I must beg you to excuse me, sir," she said, coolly.

Colonel Brand flushed hotly, and his eyes burned with ill-repressed fury.

"Certainly, madam," he said, hoarsely; "but I must see my niece at once. If she does not come to me within five minutes I shall be compelled to summon my ally and seek her room. You understand?"

"I am sure that you can have no authority to search my house," said Lady Folliott, calmly, "and I shall certainly resist any such attempt upon your part. I am tempted to summon my servants and have you put out of doors. Were it not for the scandal such action might provoke, I should have done so before this."

"Ah, yes! It was well that you had a timely regard for yourself and your family," sneered Colonel Brand. "I am impatient to depart. How soon will my niece make her appearance in this room?"

"Well," said the baroness, quietly, "I should say in about one year!"

Colonel Brand started back in amazement.

"Madam!" he ejaculated. "What do you mean?"

"I mean," said the lady, blandly, "that Miss Rohan will not consider herself safe here during her minority, and that, therefore, she will not return until she is become her own mistress."

"Return! She is gone, then?"

"Certainly, sir. Did you suppose that she would remain to be marched away under the convey of a policeman?"

Colonel Brand gave utterance to a fearful oath. His face grew startlingly white and haggard. His long nose worked with a fiercer convulsiveness. The baroness recoiled before the frightful malignancy of his stare.

"Am I to understand," he asked, "that Beatriz has fled from your house since I came into it?"

"Such is the case, sir. Did you suppose I would give her up to you, whatever your claims? I was not able to defy your authority; I shrunk from creating a scene; therefore I sent Miss Rohan away secretly to a place of absolute security," said Lady Folliott pleasantly. "She had departed before I returned to you. I have detained you more than an hour, but she is safe now, and I need not detain you longer. Permit me to wish you a good evening."

Colonel Brand poured forth a volley of oaths horrifying to hear. Lady Folliott moved haughtily towards the door.

"One word, madam," cried the visitor, following her. "You have outwitted me for the time being, but I advise you not to count too much upon the safety of Beatriz. I swear to discover her in time for my purposes, and that your treatment of me shall be amply revenged upon her!"

Colonel Brand caught up his hat, drew it down over his forehead, rushed past the baroness, and dashed through the hall and out of doors.

Lady Folliott, with a smile, took her way to the dining-room, where Sir Lionel Charlton awaited her.

Colonel Brand could not for an instant doubt the baroness had told him the truth—that Beatriz had departed for a place of safety. Wild with rage, he sped down the terrace, joining his ally, who was slowly walking back and forth, quietly smoking a pipe.

"What's up, colonel?" inquired the policeman, astonished at the impetuous appearance of his employer. "Does the young lady resist? Am I to take her into custody?"

He emptied his pipe of its contents while speaking and was ready for action.

"She's gone!" fairly shouted Brand, prefacing his declaration with maledictions. "Gone, do you hear? Escaped! Fled! A pretty way you've kept! She has escaped before your very eyes!"

"Impossible! I have watched the grounds and

the bridge with the eyes of a hawk. She's in the house, colonel. They are trying to get rid of you—"

"That's all you know of people like Lady Polliott, I don't believe she would tell a falsehood to save her life!" cried Colonel Brand. "She's one of your high-bred, proud, punctilious people who look upon a falsehood as degrading. Besides, I read her very soul in her eyes. She said that she had sent my niece away, and I believe her."

"If she sent the young lady away she did not send her on foot and alone, colonel," said the officer, astutely. "There must be other bridges over the moat. We had better visit the stables and discover what is known there."

The two men hurried around the mansion, through the shrubberies and gardens, to the stables.

In the stable yard they found two or three men busily employed. Accosting one of them and drawing him aside Colonel Brand exhibited to him a sovereign and said:

"Here, my good fellow, this is to be yours if you answer a few questions. Are all your horses and carriages in the stables?"

"My lady won't like me to talk to strangers," said the man, eyeing the gold piece greedily, yet keeping a rein upon his tongue.

"You had better answer," said the officer, admonishingly. "I am a policeman. We are armed with a warrant. If you tell all you know this gentleman will give you the sovereign he's holding up to you. If you refuse to tell, you refuse at your peril!"

This address reduced the hostler to terms.

"I'll tell all I know," he said, in a low voice, looking askance at his fellow-stablemen. "It isn't much. The pair of blacks and the close carriage are gone—have been gone near two hours!"

"And who went with them?" asked Colonel Brand.

"Martin drove," said the fellow, sullenly. "My lady's maid, Talent, and my lady's guest, Miss Clare, went inside. My lady came out to the stable-yard to see them off."

"Which way did they go?"

"Across the bridge through the park."

"And where were they going? Do you know their intended destination?"

"Yes, sir. They were going to Spalding to catch the first train," said the man, deliberately telling a falsehood, justifying himself in his own mind with the thought that he didn't intend to lose a good place or risk offending a kind and liberal mistress for the sake of two unknown persons.

"And they have been gone two hours!" cried Colonel Brand. "They are on their way in the railway-train. Did you overhear anything about their final destination, fellow?"

"No, sir, not a word."

Colonel Brand flung the sovereign upon the ground and turned away abruptly, followed by his ally.

They hurried around to the carriage-porch of the mansion in a dead silence. Their fly was in waiting for them; the driver on the box. Colonel Brand sprang into the vehicle, the policeman following, and gave the order, sternly and tersely:

"To Spalding! And don't spare the horses. We must make the distance in an hour!"

The vehicle rolled rapidly down the drive, crossed the drawbridge, and passed out at the lodge gates.

The highway bordered the Polliott park for some distance.

As the fly came abreast a small gate in the park palings Colonel Brand saw that the gate was open, and that a small, girlish figure, wrapped closely in a long waterproof cloak and hood, was standing by it in the shadows.

Even as he saw her she sprang forward, stopped the vehicle by a peremptory gesture to the driver, and approached the carriage door.

"Which is Colonel Brand?" she asked, in a tremulous yet silvery voice.

Colonel Brand answered by leaning out at the open window and proclaiming his identity.

"Here is a letter for you," said the woman, handing up a sealed envelope.

Colonel Brand noticed that her hand was white and plentifully adorned with jewels. He took the letter mechanically, and she turned and hurried into the park, a rustling of silken crapery attending her movements.

Colonel Brand heard the park gate close and the box shot into the lock.

Here's a mystery," he said. "I wish I could have seen her face. She is a lady evidently, and not a servant. Is this a parting message from Lady Polliott? Let me see!"

The lamps outside the vehicle had been lighted, but their faint illumination did not serve the occupants of the interior.

Colonel Brand drew from his pocket a box of wax

vestas, lighted one, tore open the letter, and read as follows:

"DEER SIR: Miss Rohan has gone, but I shall find means to let you no where she is as soon as I find out myself. Look for a letter from me at the same address as before in a day or two. I shall be sure to write."

There was an odd and sinister smile upon Colonel Brand's countenance as he folded this missive and put it in his pocket.

"I understand!" he said to himself. "Ann Jones' is the nomme-de-plume of some enemy of Beatrix. The unique spelling and the common name appended are a clever device to cover the identity of the writer. And that writer is a lady who desired to keep herself well concealed. She hates Beatrix with a deadly enmity. I shall hear from her again. But I shall not wait for her to spy out Beatrix's whereabouts. I shall search for myself. Bet with a traitor in Lady Polliott's own household, and with a sleuth-hound like me upon her track, Beatrix will not long escape me."

(To be continued.)

## SCIENCE.

AN Antwerp chemist has recently discovered that the vapour of chloroform will not only extinguish the flame of petroleum vapour very speedily but will even destroy its explosive and combustible properties, if mixed with it. This discovery may prove capable of practical application in the prevention of fires.

NEW IMITATION SILVER ORNAMENTS.—In several shops in Munich various objects of art have lately been displayed, which are remarkable for their brilliant silver hue. It appears that they are mere plaster models covered with a thin coat of mica powder, which perfectly replaces the ordinary metallic substances. The mica plates are first cleaned and bleached by fire, boiled in hydrochloric acid, and washed and dried. The material is then finely powdered, sifted, and mingled with collodion, which serves as a vehicle for applying the compound with a paint-brush. The objects thus prepared can be washed in water, and are not liable to be injured by sulphuretted gases or dust. The collodion adheres perfectly to glass, porcelain, wood, metal, or papier-mâché. The mica can be easily tinted in different colours, thus adding to the beauty of the ornamentation.

IMPROVEMENT IN MINERS' SAFETY LAMPS.—In speaking of sounding and sensitive flames Mr. A. S. Herschel states that in the application of them to the construction of miners' safety lamps, which shall make an audible noise on the approach of dangerous gases, we must avoid any vibrations except the extremely small oscillations of a high-pitched note, otherwise elements of danger may be apprehended from the sounding action of the flame. According to Dr. Irvine the state of musical sensitiveness in Barry's wire-gauze sensitive flame is due to increased inflammability of the burning gas mixture. The gas current, before reaching the wire gauze, will naturally entangle and mix with it a larger quantity of air when it is disturbed than when it issues smoothly. Such a disturbance is produced by the action of external sounds, under whose influence the appearance of the flame is more contrasted and boisterous than when the gas jet burns in a surrounding atmosphere of quiescent air.

NEW PROCESS OF GLIDING ON GLASS.—Professor Schwarzenbach, of Bern, has recently devised the following new method of gliding on glass: Pure chloride of gold is dissolved in water. The solution is filtered and diluted until, in twenty quarts of water, but fifteen grains of gold is contained. It is then rendered alkaline by the addition of soda. In order to reduce the gold chloride, alcohol saturated with marsh gas and diluted with its own volume of water is used. The reaction which ensues results in the deposition of metallic gold and the neutralization of the hydrochloric acid by the soda. In practice, to gild a plate of glass, the object is first cleaned and placed above a second plate slightly larger, space of about one-tenth of an inch separating the two. Into this space the alkaline solution is poured, the reducing agent being added immediately before use. After two or three hours' repose the gliding is solidly fixed, when the plate may be removed and washed.

GASES IN THE COAGULATION OF THE BLOOD.—As the result of some recent investigations by Messrs. Matthieu and Urban upon the part which the gases play in the coagulation of blood those gentlemen announce that carbonic acid is the agent of spontaneous coagulation, and that, during life, the obstacle to this coagulation resides in the blood corpuscles, which have as their special function the fixation not only of the oxygen but also of the carbonic acid in the blood. As a result the coagulating action of this gas cannot be exerted in physiological conditions. The blood which returns

from glandular organs, especially from the kidneys, is incoagulable, and contains very little carbonic acid. If the removal of carbonic acid from the blood be favoured by simple exosmosis, coagulation will not take place; yet, if it be placed in an atmosphere of carbonic acid, coagulation rapidly sets in. The clots, however, are softer than those which form in air, rendering it probable that oxygen influences their consistence. Lastly, certain neutral salts impede or prevent coagulation, but such salts fix a notable volume of carbonic acid, and thus withdraw it from the blood.

PREVENTING THE CURDLING OF MILK BY OIL OF MUSTARD.—The observation of Schälbe, that the addition of a single drop of oil of mustard to 303 grains of milk will prevent its curdling for weeks, has been fully confirmed by Vogel by exhaustive comparative experiments with fresh milk, with and without oil of mustard, including the determination, from time to time, of the amount of lactic acid present, from which it also appears that this effect of oil of mustard is due to a retarding action upon the formation of lactic acid, its formation being also almost entirely prevented during the first 11 days, and the amount present 14 days later being only one-seventh of that in milk not so treated. Oil of bitter almonds and oil of cinnamon were found to have a similar effect but far less in degree, while oil of turpentine, oil of cloves, benzene, carbolic acid, bisulphate of carbon and sulphuretted hydrogen were almost without effect, at least when used in the proportion given for oil of mustard. The additional statement by Schälbe, that casein was converted into albumen by the addition of oil of mustard, and the suggestion that a cheap method for the manufacture of albumen might be based upon this fact, was not fully sustained by the experiments of Vogel, since the milk thus treated did not always coagulate on boiling.

## CEMENTS.

1. WATERPROOF CEMENT FOR CAST IRON PIPES, ETC.—Take equal weights, in dry powder, of burnt lime, Roman cement, pipe clay, and loam, and knead the whole with about one sixth the weight of linseed oil. The addition of more Roman cement improves the quality.

2. CEMENT WHICH RESISTS MOISTURE AND HEAT BUT NOT THE DIRECT APPLICATION OF FIRE, FOR GAS AND STEAM PIPES AND SIMILAR PURPOSES.—Two parts of red lead, five parts of white lead, four parts of pipe clay, fine and dry, and work the whole into a firm mass with boiled linseed oil.

3. RUST CEMENT FOR WATER AND STEAM PIPES, STEAM BOILERS, ETC.—Make a firm paste with two parts sal ammoniac, thirty-five parts iron borings, one part sulphur, and water, and drive it into the joint with a chisel; or, to two parts of sal ammoniac and one part flowers of sulphur, add sixty parts of iron chips, and mix the whole with water to which one sixth part vinegar or a little sulphuric acid is added. Another cement is made by mixing one hundred parts of bright iron filings or fine chips or borings with one part powdered sal ammoniac, and moistening with urine; when thus prepared force it into the joint. It will prove serviceable under the action of fire.

4. STOVE CEMENT, FOR THE JOINTS OF IRON STOVES.—Mica, together with finely sifted wood ashes, an equal quantity of finely powdered clay, and a little salt. When required for use add enough water to make a firm paste.

5. IRON CEMENT, WHICH IS UNAFFECTED BY RED HEAT.—Four parts iron filings, two parts clay, one part fragment of a Hessian crucible; reduce to the size of rape seed and mix together, working the whole into a firm paste with a saturated solution of salt. A piece of fire brick can be used instead of the Hessian crucible.

6. CEMENT FOR FASTENING WOOD TO STONE.—Melt together four parts pitch and one part wax, and add four parts brick dust or chalk. It is to be warmed, for use, and applied thickly to the surfaces to be joined.

Parts are to be taken by weight.

THE ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE.—The Royal Naval College at Greenwich was the scene the other night of a most brilliant entertainment. The committee who were chosen to make the arrangements were centred to erect a temporary dancing saloon in the centre quadrangle. Carriages entered the ground by the West Gate, and set down the occupants at the side of King Charles Rock, at which point the doors were opened by blue-jackets, dressed in their attractive dress of white. The guests were thereupon escorted by naval officers to the reception-rooms. Refreshment, lounging, and card-rooms were arranged on either side of a corridor three hundred feet long, prettily decorated with flags, bunting, shrubs, flowers, and Chinese lanterns, while little sailor boys were busily handing programmes to all who asked. This elegant passage



terminated in the ball-room, which was 110 feet long by 50 feet broad. It was hung with scarlet and white bunting, and lighted by five large chandeliers, fixed round the supporting poles, which were covered with blue and white, and surrounded at their base with hot-house plants. The band of Messrs. Coote and Tinney was situated in an ante-room exactly opposite the entrance, and partially screened behind shrubs and flowers. The sight in the ball-room during the night was exceedingly attractive, owing to the happy contrast between the pretty dresses of the ladies and the bright costumes of the military officers with the handsome uniforms of the naval hosts. The magnificent painted hall was brilliantly lighted from ten to four by two limelights, and excellently served the purpose of a promenade. A sumptuous supper was served in the senior mess-room, from half-past twelve until the dancing ceased at daylight, at which time even many guests only reluctantly left their naval associates to find a few hours' rest before again returning to their multifarious branches of study. Among those who accepted the twelve hundred invitations and were present on the occasion, were Admiral Sir Alexander and Lady Milne, Admiral Sir Henry and Lady Codrington, Admiral Sir William and Lady Mordaunt, the Hon. Lady, the Misses, and Mr. William Dalrymple Hay, Admiral and the Misses Tolveston, Admiral and the Misses Crofton, Admiral and Mrs. Hornby, Admiral and Mrs. Powell, Mr. Vernon Lushington, and many other persons of distinction. It is but just to add that the entertainment was a most brilliant success, and that both guests and hosts most thoroughly enjoyed a ball rarely equalled for its attractive freedom and novelty.

#### ANIMAL WONDERS.

In each grain of sand there are marvels, in every drop of water a world. In that great spectacle called Nature, every being has its marked place and distinct rôle; and in that grand drama called life there presides a law as harmonious as that which rules the movements of the stars. Each hour removes by death myriads of existences, and each hour produces legions of new lives. The highest as well as the lowest created organism consumes carbon and water to support life and its duties, and it is not uninteresting to glance at the food, the habits, and the ways and means, peculiar to some of the inferior animals. From their petrified ejections we know what such fossilized reptiles as the *pliosaurus*, etc., are, and may some day be able to discover the fish and crustacea they hunted down. Animals, when not living by their own respectable efforts, are either parasites or dependents; many would seem to have positive trades, or are connected with branches of industry.

There are miners, masons, carpenters, paper manufacturers, and weavers, lacemakers even, all working first for themselves and next to propagate their kind. The miners dig into the earth, form natural arches and supports, remove the useless soil: such as the Moiré, the chinchilla of Peru, the badger, the lion and, as well as certain worms and molluscs. The masons build huts and places according to all the rules of architecture, as the bees and tropical ants; there are fish that construct boats that the waves never can upset, and Agassiz has drawn attention to a fish that builds its nest on the floating seaweed in the middle of the ocean, and deposits therein its eggs. The wasps fabricate a sort of paper or pasteboard. Spiders are weavers as well as lacemakers; one species constructs a diving bell, a palace of lace. When the astronomer has need of the most delicate thread for his telescope he applies to a tiny spider. When the naturalist desires to test his microscope he selects a certain shell of a sea insect so small that several millions of them in water could not be visible to the naked eye, and yet no microscope has yet been made sufficiently powerful to reveal the beautiful variegated designs on the atomic shells!

The Mexican owl, when enjoying a siesta, puts itself under the guard of a kind rat, that gives the alarm on the approach of danger. Parasites are everywhere, depend on no peculiar condition of the body, and are as abundant in persons of the most robust as of the most debilitated health. They are at home in the muscles, in the heart, in the ventricles of the brain, in the ball of the eye. They are generally either in the form of a leaf or a ribbon, and are not necessarily, as was once supposed, confined to a special animal.

**THE REVIVALISTS.**—Moody and Sanky often ask the visitors, as they go out, how they relished the performance. A party of fashionable ladies thus addressed were very polite in their reply; one only—a handsome woman of about thirty-five, rather strong-minded—would not yield readily. To the

query "Had she received any comfort?" she said, to the astonishment of Mr. M., "No, she had not." "Was she edified?" "No, she was not." "Did she believe in the good work?" "No, she did not." "What was her opinion of the proceeding?" "That it was all a sham and nonsense." Hereupon the defeated saint rallied his forces and exclaimed "Let us pray for the elderly female." The attack on her personal appearance was smart, but the good-looking free-thinker laughed at the saints and walked off.

#### HOW SCIENCE IS ANNILATED.

EVERYBODY admits that a man who sets up as a doctor without first submitting to a careful medical training is a knave or a fool. Everybody admits that to practise medicine properly requires a very thorough preliminary education, and no little practical observation of the ill that flesh is heir to. Yet nine persons out of every ten stand ready on all occasions to offer advice in case of sickness.

It is very much the same in science. To be able to read a book of science, or even floating paragraphs about it, is taken by very many people as evidence enough of their ability to criticize it, especially if they happen to have some little right to speak in some other department of thought. Unmindful of the fact that the errors of scientific theory have always been discovered by scientific men only, the unscientific and antiscientific hold themselves ready at all times to point out the mistakes in the deductions of men who have spent a laborious lifetime making themselves acquainted with the facts of the case, meeting the cautious suggestions of men like Lyell or Darwin with a confident assurance that would be justified by nothing short of infallibility. As a rule we smile at these volunteer champions of ignorance, and let their vapourings pass. Now and then, however, they afford typical illustrations of antiscientific reasoning too good to be slighted.

Of this character was the lefty rebuke to science administered the other day by a somewhat prominent Doctor of Divinity in a morning paper—a rebuke, we may add, which has been the source of great consolation to more than one dear soul alarmed at the spread of knowledge, in proof whereof we have, in a subsequent issue of the same paper, letters of rejoicing in regard to the doctor's championship.

The special science which falls under the doctor's condemnation is geology—if, indeed, it is in any way worthy of being called a science. Particularly is it rebuked for talking of periods of time more protracted than the Hebrew scriptures provide for. Facts of its own finding condemn its assumptions. For instance, one of the remote periods of geology is the cretaceous, or age of chalk. Between that time and this incalculable ages have come and gone, say the geologists. Sincere assumption, says the doctor, for deep-sea soundings prove that chalk is now being deposited in the Atlantic Ocean; to-day is the chalk age, and your long-drawn periods of time are pure myths!

Again the geologists set the carboniferous epoch so far back that the six thousand years of Hebrew history dwindle to insignificance. All that time is wiped out with a paragraph, a floating paragraph which the doctor has discovered going the rounds of the country newspapers, to the effect that the wooden supports used in certain of the Hartz mines have been converted into lignite since they have been put in, only a few centuries ago. See! cries the doctor; a thousand years at most suffice to convert wood into coal; how dare you, in the face of such evidence, presume to say that sixty centuries would not suffice for the production of your carboniferous strata?

"What will geologists say to that?" asked an excellent lady, after reading the doctor's triumphant overthrow of their science—"falsely so called."

We could not say, though we modestly surmise that if compelled to notice the indictment they would probably say "What of it? What has chalk to do with the antiquity of the cretaceous era? Who that knows anything of geology imagines that the age of a coal seam is in any way dependent on the time required to turn wood into coal? The chemist can do it in a few hours. Shall we say, therefore, that the carboniferous period was yesterday, and that all the stupendous changes that have since taken place in the earth and its inhabitants happened last night?"

Besides, if that is the line of argument, why stop half-way? Any geologist will willingly furnish the doctor with arguments ever so much more sweeping than those he uses. For instance, in the South Seas, the corals of today are forming strata that are the exact counterparts (fossils excepted) of—say—the Trenton limestones. In other parts of the world sand deposits, such as composed the Potsdam sandstones, are now forming. Why not say, therefore, that the silurian period is a figment of

the imagination: that it is now, yesterday, or any time this side of Adam's day? Still worse: it was discovered last year that, in the deeper parts of the Atlantic, strata of mud are now forming, precisely like the strata which make up certain slates of the so-called azoic period. The next time the Doctor demolishes geology, let him declare that this fact proves that the Laerentian period, instead of being countless ages old, is altogether modern! It will make his case seem much stronger, and will not weaken his argument in the least.

#### THE SONGS OF BIRDS.

There is a close connection between the songs and temperaments of birds; in fact, it can be laid down as a law that the latter decides the character of the former; which, we think, bears a good deal on the question of the origin of the songs of birds; for we cannot suppose that some birds were created songsters and others not; but rather, from cries of alarm and quick chirps expressive of satisfaction, selection has evolved the melodious notes of our most accomplished songsters, just as high civilization has produced in time the elaborate music we possess, or are capable of, from the harsh, discordant attempt at melody on the part of existing savages, and mankind's primeval, semi-human ancestry indulged in.

Let us now glance a moment at features of birds' songs that go to separate them from the other utterances of birds. Prominently stands the fact that the song of a bird is uttered solely for the pleasure of listening or being listened to on the part of the songster, and bears no relation whatever to any preceding or subsequent movement of the bird; and we therefore claim, that the song of the bird is an expression of melody that gives pleasure to the bird itself and to other birds, which is known to the singer; so that he derives an additional pleasure from this consciousness; or, in a few words, the reason that birds sing is precisely the same as that which induces mankind to cultivate music, which with man originally was exclusively vocal.

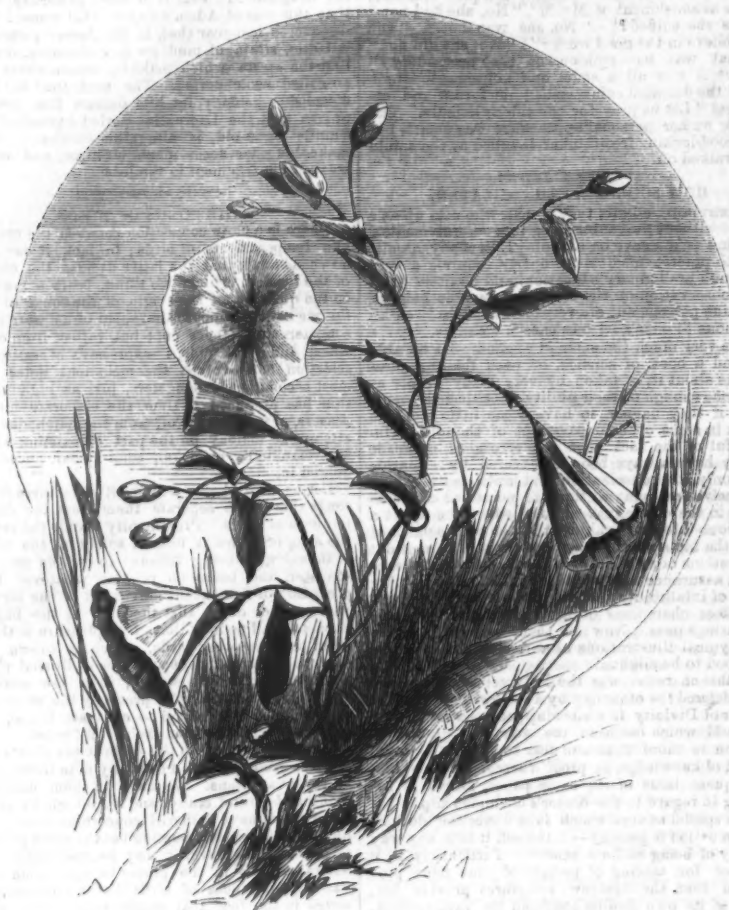
Let us turn now to the other class of utterances of these same birds, and carefully note them down in all their variations. We have in them material for months of careful study, and would gladly give all the data we have gathered concerning them. Space forbids, and we can mention but the more prominent features. We have, it may be mentioned at the outset, a guide in the proper interpretation of the various utterances of birds that are evidently not songs in the fact that single expressions, such as chirps, trills, twitters, shrill cries, are always accompanied by movements which are closely related to the cries themselves.

A bird, when singing, does not usually busy itself with something else at the same time. If busy feeding, it quits work, and taking up a position that better suits it, the bird commences its song, and repeats the same until wearied with the repetition, or called by its mate or "a sudden thought" to something or some other place. When, however, it is busy feeding, the low chirps and an occasional twitter indicate, if alone, that it is talking to itself; or if with company, that it is talking to them; for a bird surrounded by others, or in company with its mate, will chirp more loudly, and with a greater variation of notes, than when alone. If disturbed, how different a note is given. Who can doubt the meaning of a frightened bird's alarm-cry? Again, let us closely observe two birds immediately after mating. Many of their actions, and their low, ceaseless twittering, are a most laughable caricature of a newly-married couple—say on their wedding-journey. Like poor mankind, bird-kind too have their petty vexations, and the little quarrels of a newly-mated pair of bird are also wondrously human-like.

What may all this have to do with language? Just this, that precisely in accordance with the manner that things go on, whether smoothly or not, are the "chirps and twitters," as they seem to us simply to be, low, musical, and deliberately uttered, or if from any cause the birds are excited then these same utterances are shrill, cacophonous, and so rapidly repeated that the birds, if unsexed, cannot be recognized by their voices.

**THE PRINCESS CHRISTIAN** has consented to become patroness of a bazaar to be opened on Her Majesty's birthday on the Ordo premises in Stepney Causeway, on behalf of an infant home in connection with the Creche.

**BARON DE BOURGUIGNON**, whose daughter is god-daughter of the unfortunate Empress Charlotte of Mexico, lately saw the Emperor of Austria at Pola, and asked him what news he had of his sister-in-law. Francis Joseph replied that he had no hope whatever of her recovery, and expected that death would soon release her of her sufferings.



[THE BINDWEED.]

## FLOWERS: THEIR LANGUAGE, SENTIMENT, SYMBOLS AND INTERPRETATION.

BY PHILANTHOS.

## VOCABULARY.

**BACHELOR'S BUTTONS** (*Ranunculus acris flore pleno*), MEADOW CROWFOOT, Celibacy.

This bright yellow plant, which makes gay many a cottage garden with well-filled button-like flowers, is a cultivated variety of the Meadow Crowfoot. Its appropriateness as the symbolic representative of a state of Celibacy is suggested by its peculiar name.

It is one of the *Ranunculaceæ*, or Buttercup tribe, which see.

**BACHELOR'S BUTTONS** (*Ranunculus aconitifolium*), Exile.

The white Bachelor's Buttons, which rears its strong head in the mountains of Switzerland, is called by our gardeners the "Fair Maid of France." It was brought here and much cultivated by the émigrés after the first French revolution, whence its name. I have chosen it as the emblem of Exile.

**BALM** (*Melissa officinalis*), Sympathy.

This emblem of Sympathy is too familiar to need more than a general description. It grows to a height of two feet, with square, hairy, robust stalks, with oblong, broad leaves, toothed at the edges, standing two at each joint. The flowers are small and white, standing in circular clusters round the stalks at their upper joints. They abound in honey. The whole plant has a peculiar, pleasant and fragrant smell. It flowers in July. It is an immense favourite with the bees. Don describes thirty sorts of Balm, all of which will grow in this country without protection from weather.

**BALM GENTLE**, Pleasantry.

**BALM OF GILEAD**, Care, Healing.

This we suppose to mean the Balsam Poplar (*Populus balsamifera*), or the Virginian Poplar, as we find it set down in Tyas and other books. Tyas however says; "There is a Fir Tree known as the Balm of Gilead," of which we are not aware of the identity at all. At any rate we feel strongly inclined to expunge this apocryphal tree from a Language of Flowers.

**BALSAM, YELLOW** (*Impatiens, Noli-me-tangere*), Impatience.

This handsome yellow flower is found occasionally in a wild state in shady woods in moist situations. Its peculiarity of shooting the seeds out of the seed-vessels upon being touched is described by Darwin, in the "Botanic Garden."

With fierce, distracted eye Impatience stands,  
Swells her pale cheeks and brandishes her hands;  
With rage and hate the astonished grove alarms,  
And hurls her infants from her frantic arms.

We are however more familiar with the cultivated Balsams, which are herbaceous succulent plants, with nearly transparent stems, thickened at the joints. The English name of Touch-me-not is of course expressive of the peculiarity of the bursting seed-vessels, which is seen in a lesser degree in some of the cultivated varieties, which were originally imported from the East Indies, or from the peculiarity of drooping in the cool of the evening or at night and erecting themselves in the heat of the day when other plants droop.

**BARBERRY**, OR **BERBERRY** (*Berberis vulgaris*), Shrewishness, Sharp Temper.

This extremely ornamental shrub, with its drooping branches of yellow flowers in spring and its clusters of bright scarlet berries in summer, is taken as the symbol of Shrewishness. The six stamens of its blossom are highly curious, being irritable and elastic. When a bee alights on them they all bend towards the centre column, or pistil, as may be seen if you touch one with a pin or bristle, when they will all immediately curve and meet at the point. This movement throws off the pollen. Dr. Gordon, in his lectures, says that the stamens of the Barberry retain this contractile power after they are cut from the flower, and are ir-

ritable, precisely as the heart can be excited to action after it has been removed from the body.

The attribute too is well sustained by the sourness of its pretty red berries, which the birds will not eat till they are driven by extreme hunger. The roots yield a yellow dye, and the bark and stem have astringent qualities, being used in Poland for tanning leather.

The Barberry is looked upon with dislike by many farmers, who declare it to breed an insect very injurious to corn, producing mildew.

Barberries squeezed in water makes a cooling and pleasant drink in fevers, also a good jelly. They enter into various confectioners' sweetmeats, and form an elegant garnish for dishes.

It is a pretty and useful bush to fill a gap in a garden hedge, and its drooping branches make it a pretty standard. There are two evergreen Holly-leaved Barberries, lately introduced, called *Berberis Aquifolium*, and *B. pinnata*; they are from California, or rather from Oregon, and both grow readily from suckers or seeds.

The Barberry in old books is called the Pipperidge Bush. The inner bark of the Barberry, infused in beer, is said to cure jaundice, and the roots boiled as we noted before, will dye wool a good yellow colour. The Egyptians used Barberries squeezed into fennel water as a remedy against fevers.

**BASIL, COMMON** (*Calamintha acinos*), **BASIL, WILD** (*Calamintha vulgaris*), Hatred.

This is a very pretty little plant, about six or eight inches in height, to be found on dry, chalky hills and gravelly downs, flowering in August. It has whorls of bright purple flowers, marked with white on the lower lip. The plant has a slight thymy fragrance and is often called Basil Thyme. The regular Wild Basil has egg-shaped leaves, and was formerly called Unprofitable Basil, while the Sweet Basil of the garden was called Royal Basil.

This plant is the "Ocimum" of Pliny, and is thought to be the "Orimum" so much prized by the ancients, of which Pliny tells us that it thrives best when sown with cursing and railing.

This of course traces its origin as an emblem of hatred, otherwise it seems a straggling harmless and fragrant plant, found throughout all Europe. The French call our Wild Basil Basilique Sauvage.

Calaminth, of which there are several varieties, is recommended by old writers to be burned or strown in chambers to "drive away noxious serpents," and some of our old poets speak of "wholesome Calaminth." Symp of Calaminth is also used for the cure of coughs.

The Greeks represented Misery as a female seated by a Basil plant, and Tom Moore, in "Lallah Rookh," writes of—

The Basil tuft that waves  
Its fragrant blossom o'er our graves.

**BAY ROSE**.—See Rhododendron.

**BAY TREE, GLORY**.—See Laurel.

**BAY, Wreath of**, "I honour your Merit."

**BEECH TREE** (*Fagus Sylvatica*), Prosperity.

I never look at a "broad-spreading Beech without recalling the first lines of Virgil, where Melibon apostrophizes Tityrus as lying "Sub tegmine fagi," with nothing to do but to watch his own sheep and play a tune on his slender pipe, and thinking how fit the solid, smooth, dark-gray trunk and the crowded and straight branches of the Beech Tree, with its glossy green foliage, is to represent Prosperity, Ease, and the delights of a life of leisure. Cooper, too, avers to us—

Heroes and their feast

Fatigue me, never weary of the pipe

Of Tityrus, assembling as he sung

The rustic throng beneath his favourite Beech.

Campbell, the poet, speaks of his "valued Beech tree," which he had "watched for twenty summers." Gray wandered beneath the "Burnham Beeches," "always dreaming out their old, old stories to the winds." Again, in his world-celebrated "Elegy," the Beech is associated with the departed patriarch of the village.

There at the foot of yonder nodding Beech,

His harmless length at noon would he stretch,

And pore upon the brook that bubbled by.

It is quite clear that old man had no overdue acceptance to take up that day, and had not overdrawn his account. Waller, too, sang of "Saccharissa," along with the Penshurst Beeches, while Tom Moore, when he had found in the popular ballad beginning "I knew by the smoke which so gracefully curled," a place where "the heart that is humble might hope for content," introduces the woodpecker as soothing even silence by "tapping the hollow Beech Tree." The classic reader will recall the



references of ancient poets to bowls made of the Beech Tree, as well as those of Milton and Abraham Cowley:—

He kings great Bacchus, father of the vine—  
Then beechen bowls foam with a flood divine.  
And again—

If thou, without a sigh or golden wish  
Can look upon the beechen bowl and dish;  
If in thy mind such power and greatness be  
The Persian king's a slave compared with thee.

Never was a more comfortable emblem of Prosperity than the Beech. No sooner is it in full leaf, by the end of May, than the flowers appear among the tender fringed leaves. Then the flower is gradually replaced by the Beech-nut, or mast. Well do the young urchins know these almond-flavoured nuts, when extricated from their three-cornered, prickly envelopes. The blackbird and the thrush, the singing birds, as well as the partridge and the pheasant, are glad over their meal of "mast." The little dormouse too gets fat on them, and rolls himself up, to come out lean and lively next Spring. And then the blithesome little squirrel sits with his tail upon his back, munches, wastes, and drops them as he

Frisks about in the cool morning breeze,  
Down peeps his diamond eye, amazed he sees  
A stranger in his solitary home;  
And now he hides beneath the alder trees,  
And now he full upon a branch will come  
To crack his beechen nut and watch me as I roam.

The nuts, which are very oily in warmer countries, there yield an oil little inferior to the olive, being fitted for cookery and burning in lamps. In France also it is roasted for coffee; deer and swine search for the nuts, and Du Hamel says that the forests of Eu and Crocy—names well known in English history—have yielded more than two million bushels of mast in a single year. Southey tells us that an aunt of his (Miss Tyler—her name is worthy preservation) effected a wholesome innovation in the poor-house of her parish by inducing the overseers to have the paupers' beds stuffed with Beech leaves. Evelyn says "they afford the best and easiest smoothness in the world, for beside their tenderness and loose lying together they continue sweet for seven or eight years, long before which time straw becomes musty and hard." When we add that a Beech-leaf mattress is springy, cleanly, and is fragrant as green tea, will not some of our softer Boards of Guardians discard hard straw at a shilling a truss and try a few bushels of Beech leaves, which the paupers might gather, were it only to give some of their ancient charges a dream of former Prosperity while reposing on its emblem?

As to the merits of Beechwood for house or ship-building, for making sabots for peasants, or of its smooth bark, used from the days of Virgil, and before that, for lovers to carve their rhymes on, of its leaves for "an ointment to hot swellings" and a "salve for imposthumes" are not all these things written in many books? Shall not then the Beech stand as our symbol of Prosperity?

**BEE ORCHIS OR OPHRYS** (*Ophrys Apifera*), Error. Of the fifteen or sixteen British varieties of Orchids and the innumerable kinds of foreign *Orchidaceae* the Bee Ophrys alone figures in the floral vocabulary. Though sorely tempted to add more appropriate symbols to the Butterfly, Spiderfly and Man Ophrys, I refrain, as the flowers are not yet so well known to the general reader, and there are several of the new greenhouse or stove varieties that have as strong claims for admission.

To return to our emblem of Error, the Bee Ophrys, it seems well chosen, as any one who even for the first time sees the handsome wild flower must be struck by its resemblance to the velvet-clad bee which rides our honey flowers in the midsummer months.

It delights in chalky soils, and we have often met with it in the Isle of Wight while it is frequent in Kent. The ribbed leaves are of a bright green, and the stems, about a foot in height, bears curious flowers at its joints, about the size of a honey-bee, the sepals, of greenish white or pale lilac colour, resemble insect wings, while the lip, which forms the body of the insect, is brown, spotted and barred with yellow, having the appearance of velvet. Many of the foreign varieties show insects of different sorts. Dr. Lindley says: "There is scarcely a common aphid or insect to which these flowers have not been likened."

We may note that the modern name of Ophrys applied to this Orchid is from the Greek Ophrys, the eyebrow; the juice of the root, says Pliny, being used to stain the eyebrows black. The commonest of our native Orchids are the Green-winged Meadow and the Early Purple Orchid, the first flowering in June with a loose spike of purple

blossoms with green veins, having a helmet-shaped protection above; the second, with a succulent stem about a foot high, with the upper leaves clasping the stem and having dark purple spots. These spots, says a monkish legend, represents stains of our Lord's precious blood when wounded on the cross on Calvary, where the Orchid grew. The flowers are slightly fragrant during sunshine, but strongly, almost disagreeably odorous in the spring and, if shut in a room all night, most unpleasant.

The roots of the Orchid were made into the drink called "salap," or vulgarly "salop," and the writer remembers a coffee-house kept by one Read, three doors from the left hand corner (long called Waithman's Corner) of Fleet Street, and next to Brasbridge's, the silversmith, whereon was painted "The Old Saloop House." It was long a substitute for coffee with porters in Covent Garden, and other hard-working, early-rising people. In Hindostanee the drink is called "salah," whence salap and saloop. The roots of all kinds of Orchis are in two lobes, and one of these outlives the other. One of these is plump and full, the other, from which the plant is growing, is wrinkled and withering, and from this arises a peculiarity worth observing. As the new bulb, which has at its top a small bud or point, springs from the side of the old lobe it follows that next year's Orchis will have shifted its quarters about half an inch sideways in the direction it finds most convenient, but always in each succeeding year in the direction it first started. Thus it goes on slowly but surely taking its annual step, so that in a few years it will be found to have moved some inches from its first place of flowering. For this reason, says Mr. Delamer, it is not at its ease in a hyacinth pot and cannot be kept in the centre. May we not here reflect with the poet—

There's wonder all about our path  
If but our watchful eyes  
Would trace it in familiar things,  
And through their lowly guise

Then should we find, as Shakespeare beautifully puts it:

And this our life, exempt from public haunt,  
Find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

**BEGONIA**, Deformity.

**BELL DONNA**.—See Nightshade.

**BELL-FLOWER**.—See Blue Bell, Hyacinth, Wild, and Canterbury Bell.

**BETONY** (*Betonica*), Surprise.

Betony is a pretty flowering wild herb, very common in woods and among bushes, flowering in June and July. It is of a nettle-growth, with square stalks, naked of flowers for nearly a foot, which are crowded together in whorls of pink or purple, and something like those of mint. Another name for Betony was "Woundwort," of which there are several varieties differing little in a general appearance. As to the medicinal virtues of Betony, we could quote the ancients to show that its cures might well make this wild flower the emblem of Surprise. "Antonius Musa, physician to the Emperor Augustus," says Dr. Brooke, "wrote a book of its virtues, which caused it to have such a reputation in Italy that 'sell your coat and buy Betony' became a common proverb. The great Pliny did likewise extol its virtue to such an extent that in praising a woman it was common to say, 'She has as many virtues as Betony.'" He adds: "A British herb snuff and tobacco have been made of equal quantities of Betony's Eyebright, and it were well if the good people of England did never smoke nor snuff anything worse." Betony should be gathered when just going into flower. It is excellent for diseases of the head, and may be taken as tea. Old Gerard is also warm in its praises as "a vulnerary," together with its allies the Hedge and Field Woundworts. Scott, in his "Discoveries of Witchcraft," tell us quaintly "the house where herba betonia is sown is free from all mischief," which if it be so shows that witchcraft might be baffled by cheaper and more agreeable methods than drowning or burning its possessors, or even "drawing blood" on them.

We may close with the great Lord Bacon, who if his royal master did not like tobacco, was himself "up to snuff," and who says in his "Natural History," "Sage and Betony are bruised for sneezing-powder or liquor, which the Physicians call Erhines." The plant itself is slightly ro-nastic.

**BILBERRY** (*Vaccinium Myrtillus*) Treachery.

The Bilberry, or Whortleberry, is a small shrub about 18 inches in height, common in woods and on stony heaths. Its leaves are oval and it bears a single pitcher-shaped, wax-like, greenish-white flower on each stalk, succeeded by a black berry, and

blossoms in April. The Cranberry, with bright, rose-coloured blossoms, is its near relative, flowering in June. The fruit of the Bilberry is pleasant and refreshing, and covered with a gray bloom, and of such an astringent quality as to be used medicinally in many places. They also dye paper or linen of a violet colour. Many parties in the West of England and the North go "a-whorling" in the season. Robert Nicholls celebrates them as "blackberries," e.g.:—

Here are the blaberries, black and wild,  
Beneath the beech trees' thickest branches  
growing.

This makes me once again a wayward child,  
A pilgrimage into the woodland going—  
The haunt of squirrels and the woodmouse  
knowing,  
And plucking black blaberries all the day,  
Till eastward moonshine-shadows night was  
throwing.

Coleridge also describes a waterfall in a woodland:

At my foot  
The whortleberries are bedewed with spray,  
Dashed upwards by the furious waterfall.

**BINDWEED, GREAT** (*Convolvulus Arvensis*), Insinuation.

**BINDWEED, SMALL**, Humility.—See Convolvulus.

A beautiful field flower, but occasionally a troublesome weed, are the wild Convolvulus family, yet their fragrant flowers, delicately tinted with pink, crimson, blue and white, should not be despised for their common occurrence, nor because they mingle their charms with those of the nobler plants they sometimes outwine.

Charming flowers,

Fleeting are your little hours:  
Often does a summer's day  
Give ye life and take away;  
Mornings two or three at most,  
Are the brilliant life ye boast.

(To be continued.)

#### GOOD TALKING.

A YOUNG child will not take up big books written for grown-up people if it can be amused at an easier rate; but it is at the most susceptible age for catching sound and rhythm. It can be touched and charmed by a beautiful style, and be keenly alive to the happiness of a quaint or felicitous or exact epithet, when driven to our classics for leisure reading, and never loses the impression. It is thus supplied with models before it knows what a model means. In the age of "endless imitation" it broods on things good to imitate. Its ear becomes familiarized with sounding well-balanced sentences, in a very different sense from the acquaintance forced upon it by the study of analysis of sentences and derivations of words, now becoming a necessary part of education. From such tension of mind the child now relaxes over story after story diffused with rapid dialogue, made natural by pungent through lavish use of all the colloquialisms and vulgarisms of school-boy life.

But there is beyond all this another reason. The principle of respect has lost ground amongst us. More and more children and young people are allowed to express themselves before their elders and betters without choice of terms. To be often in a position to mind our p's and q's is an excellent training in style; and amplifies and enlarges the vocabulary by the necessity of avoiding the familiar and first come at, and sending in search of the exact, the courteous, the dignified, the deferential. All these varieties and gradations of expression are acquired as a matter of course where discipline is enforced, and a cheek instantly put on rade liberty of utterance; but let father, mother, or teacher not only smile over the newest learnt slang—which, if humorously applied, is some exercise of wit and judgment—but encourage its repetition when it ceases to be either—let them acquiesce in the habit of using a formula instead of taking the trouble of an exact definition, and submit to be talked to on a level of slipshod impertinent equality—and they are ruining their child's chances as a good talker. An easy mediocrity of speech will be his at best, the same to everybody and for all occasions—no felicities, no variety of key. His wit will be without refinement, his gravity will want weight, no tones will wake with a response in his hearer; and probably at critical moments there will be a relapse into the old jargon as the only form at hand.

We believe that respect—respect for persons and things and self-respect—will be found an element in the character of all persons of eloquent speech. The free-and-easy and irreverent in youth fall inevitably into tricks, redundancies, repetitions, and all forms of flat mannerisms as time gets on. Once have your diction well in hand and the habit of selection continues through life, the memory enriching its stores, and practice adding facility in the use of them. Nor ought we to omit, in speaking of

respect as an intellectual trainer, to point out the importance in this relation, of respectful attention. The habit of listening is not now inculcated as a duty with the same sternness as in old-fashioned days. Listening to elders and betters is not the golden opportunity it was once regarded. Interruption is easier now, and consequently listening more an exercise of more patience than in the days when to interrupt a speaker of weight or note on any account was simply impossible.

#### FARMING IN FLORIDA.

THE orange grows with great luxuriance in many parts of Florida, as far north as Jacksonville, where it is seen in almost every garden. An ordinary light frost does not hurt it. But it grows and bears more profusely farther south, and is seen in groves along the St. John's River and at St. Augustine. Still farther south and along the Indian River the best oranges in Florida are raised, and lemons too in abundance.

The common or native orange is sour and worthless to eat and disagreeable to the taste as it is possible to conceive. It has to be grafted to produce the sweet and luscious oranges for which Florida is celebrated, and it takes three years after grafting to get the first crop, and after that the yield continues to improve as the trees grow larger.

An orange grove, or a single orange tree, loaded with fruit, and with blossoms at the same time, filling the air with fragrance, is a charming sight, though it hardly compares with many an apple tree when it is fresh and in full blossom in spring. But it has the advantage of retaining its fruit and its blossoms through the year. One often sees a tree loaded with oranges ready to pick and full of blossoms at the same time. The same is true of the lemon, the tree of which somewhat resembles the orange tree. In the Indian River region, in Southern Florida, there are lemon trees that held seven thousand magnificent lemons, and there are trees in St. Augustine with thousands of the largest-sized lemons fully ripe. It is a sight worth seeing.

We see no reason why tobacco could not be successfully cultivated, notwithstanding the sandy soil. Nor do we see why lucerne would not grow and furnish a very much needed forage crop. Either of these plants we believe are growing in any part of Florida, but there seems no reason for their neglect, except the universal laziness which afflicts everybody in the soft and enervating climate. Exertion, with the thermometer pretty steady at eighty or thereabouts, is at a discount, and work is not popular with white men.

#### FACETIE.

MEN have withstood the frowns of the world, but she smiles and caresses hugged them to death.

THE human heart is made for love, as the household hearth for fire; and for truth, as the household lamp for light.

A YOUNG lady who had no time to spare in making garments for the poor has been engaged three weeks embroidering a blanket for her poodle dog.

AN old lady says that "if folks want their boys to make a mark in the world, the surest way is to give 'em a piece of chalk."

A MERCHANT being asked to define the meaning of experimental and natural philosophy said he considered the first to be asking a man to discount a bill at a long date, and the second his refusing to do it.

THE magician who astonished his audience by changing a canary bird into a rabbit had a formidable rival in the man who turned a bushel of potatoes into a barrel.

THE old gentleman who spent a fortune in endeavouring to hatch colts from horse chestnuts is now cultivating the egg plant with the view of raising chickens from it.

"WAITER," said an old gentleman in a restaurant, "I want a pancake. Will it be long before you bring it?" "No, sir," said the waiter, positively; "it will be sure to come up round."

"WHAT is the action of disinfectants?" asked the examining board of a medical student. "They smell so badly that people open the doors, and fresh air gets in," was the reply.

A LITTLE girl, after listening some time to her father's fast-fading with the servant-girl, exclaimed: "Stop scolding Bridget, papa; she ain't your wife."

"How charmingly naive she is!" said a young beau to a crusty old bachelor. "Knave!" exclaimed the latter, gazing through his spectacles at the flirt indicated—"Knave! I should say she's more fool."

"Mr dear," said a husband, in startled tones, after waking his wife in the middle of the night, "I have swallowed a dose of strychnine!" "Well, then, do

for goodness' sake like still, you stupid, or it may come up."

WHEN a conductor on a Boston car shouted "Raggles Street!" the other night a man who had been dozing in the corner started up and said: "Raggles! treat! Where's Raggles? Show me Raggles, quick!"

NOTHING UNREASONABLE.—"We ask nothing unreasonable," gently remarks a Sister of Charity. "Give us fourteen yards of that Ulster stuff; you will never miss it, and it will clothe a dozen or more of our poor children."

AN elderly lady remarked to her visitor, "I suppose you have heard of the Williamsburg drought?" No, she hadn't. "Well, they've had an awful drought up there—not a drop of water for six months, except a little brought into town by a milkman."

THE most long-lived plants are not those which grow the fastest. So it is with friendship—that is commonly the most firm and durable which grows up but slowly; while that which is hastily contracted is most liable to be dissolved.

If you put a hot coal in your pocket it will burn its way out. Ay, and so will a bad deed that is hidden make itself known. A fault concealed is a fault doubled; and so you will find it all through life. Never hide your faults, but confess them, and seek through Heaven's help to overcome them.

A GENTLEMAN travelling on a steamer one day at dinner was making way with a large pudding close by, when he was told by a servant that it was desert. "It makes no difference to me," said he, "I would eat it if it were a wilderness."

#### A GREAT EPICAC.

A lady who must be a relative of Mrs. Partington, we think, "by marriage" at least, was entertaining some friends with a fine leg of mutton at dinner the other day, when one of the guests remarked that the mutton was exceedingly fine in quality.

"Oh, yes," says she, "my husband always buys the best. He is a great epicac."

#### ADVERTISING EXTRAORDINARY.

A new and enterprising paper advertizes thus: "Run away—A hired man, named John; his nose turned up five feet eight inches high, and had on a pair of corduroy trousers, much worn."

How that nose must have looked dressed up in corduroy!

#### A FACT.

TENDER-HEARTED LITTLE WIFE: See. How dreadful, that poor boy has not got a bit of shoe or stocking to his foot, and such a big foot too! How can he do it?

CLEVER HUSBAND: "Artful young vagabond. It's all put on"—Judy.

"How would you feel, my dear, if you were to meet a wolf?" asked an old lady of her little grandchild, with whom she was walking along a lonely country road. "Oh, grandmamma, I should be so frightened!" was the reply. "But I should stand in front of you and protect you," said the old lady. "Would you, grandmamma?" cried the child, clapping her hands with delight. "That would be nice! While the wolf was eating you I should have time to run far away."

PAYING THE PIER.—We learn that Mr. Albert Grant has asked the Metropolitan Board of Works to allow a military band to play in Leicester Square every Saturday afternoon and has offered to defray the cost of the band. This request of Mr. Grant's might as well be granted, as the payment of the band will necessitate no grant of public money—a grant sufficient for that purpose being Grant himself.—Punch.

#### IRISH EVIDENCE.

"Pray, my good man," said a judge to an Irishman, who was a witness on a trial, "what did pass between you and the prisoner?"

"Och! thin, please your lordship," said Pat, "sure I sees Phelim a-top of the wall; 'Paddy,' says he; 'What?' says I; 'Here,' says he; 'Where?' says I; 'Whisht!' says he; 'Hush!' says I; and that's all, please your lordship."

#### AN OLD CHICKEN.

In attempting to carve a fowl one day a gentleman found considerable difficulty in separating its joints and exclaimed against the man who had sold him an old hen for a young chicken.

"My dear," said the enraged man's wife, "don't talk so much about the aged and respectable Mr. B.; he planted the first hill of corn that was planted in our town."

"I know that," said the husband, "and I believe this hen scratched it up."

AN OPPORTUNITY.—An advertisement in the Telegraph informs us that there are in the neighbourhood of Notting Hill "six coal vans to be sold for less than five times their original cost. After this it is interesting to discover that four of them 'are in good working order; two require only a few repairs.' It must be for these two that all the extra money is

required. Maybe they are specimens of a style of waggon to which cheap coal was once carried. If so the opportunity should not be lost to the curators of the British Museum.—Punch.

#### BEER AND FORBEER.

TOM: "Hallo, Bill, how goes it?"

BILL: "Rather steady. Fancy I must have had some bad beer last night."

TOM: "Bad beer! There ain't no bad beer! Some may be better than others, but there's none on it bad!"—Punch.

#### ICE ON PARLE FRANCAIS.

Mrs. Blugg, who has spent ten days in Paris, is under the impression that she speaks French. She has accordingly a French servant, whom she always addresses in her native tongue.

SCENE—Mrs. Blugg's Tea Table. Mrs. Blugg wishes for some milk in the oven.

Mrs. BLUGG: "Victorine! Vouly vou un—un—pen lait—ahem!"

VICTORINE (confused): "Un poulet! Oh! madame want de cold chicken!"

[Servant vanishes to the larder for the fowl.]

#### THE Czar.

Why is the Czar of Russia like a "teetotaler?" Because he "refuses to treat."

That's because there's so many of 'em to "treat." If England were alone, we suppose the Czar wouldn't object to "lick her."

We see no objection he can have to give them all a "punch."

Let them contribute to a "smash" all around. The Czar ain't in favour of "smashes" but wouldn't object "to taking a little."

Maybe the Czar is afraid of getting "slowed."

#### DISCRETION.

A dog, with his breakfast in his jaws was crossing a bridge. When he came to the middle he took a peep over the railing and saw another dog with another steak. "That steak," he thought, is a good deal larger than mine; I have a good mind to lay hold of it. But then the dog is bigger than myself; sure he might roll me over and over and eat my own steak. Suppose I go and swallow in peace what I have got, and then return for the booty?

So he went and did, with much good sense. On his return he stopped again, and gave a sly look sideways into the stream. "Hallo!" said he, "that fellow knew better."

#### A VIOLENT ATTACHMENT.

"A violent attachment to the piano," said Aunt Betty, as she read an account of Wood's new violin attachments, "that's just what ails our Nancy Ann. Her attachment is so violent that she is thumping and smashing the piano always. I am sometimes afraid that the poor child is afflicted with what is called the St. Vitus dance, though what such a plaguey disease was called by a saint's name for I can't conceive."

And Aunt Betty's eyes swam in tears as she resumed her knitting.

#### CANDIED.

AN old lady recently made a visit to London. She had been born and bred within a day's travel, but had never seen our city before this visit. She was greatly astonished at the number of houses, the stirring population and the many rare sights which met her eyes. Passing down the street, she saw a barber's pole, and inquired:

"Is that a candy shop?"

"No," said her companion.

"Well, I thought it was, seeing that great big stick of candy at the door!"

#### A TELLING INTRODUCTION.

When a certain duke was in America, a citizen of Cincinnati, who had managed to get introduced to the duke, thus introduced his wife at the opera-house:—"Duke, let me introduce you to my wife, Mrs. Judge—, the daughter of Major-General—, of Kentucky, who was brutally massacred by the British and Indians while gloriously fighting for his country at the battle of River Raisin."

#### MR. AFTERNOON.

"What does P. M. stand for?" inquired a new post-office clerk of his senior in a small Wicklow village.

"Why, post meridian, to be sure—afternoon, you idiot," was the indignant reply.

"Well, sir, here's a letter for Mr. Afternoon. It is addressed P. M., to be left at the post-office."

"A SHOT FROM A STERN-CHASER."

MISTRESS: "Did you 'make it up' with Mrs. Tarragon" (this was the cook, who had been very unpopular downstairs, and had left to be married to a flourishing greengrocer in the neighbourhood) "before she went, Jane?"

LADY'S MAID: "Oh, yes, 'm, we parted quite friendly, mum, but I says to her, I says, just as she was getting into the cab, 'Ealsh and appiness, I wish yer, Mrs. Tarragon,' I says, 'but I should 'a thought as Mr. Brockley might 'a chose a younger and a better-looking woman,' I says!!!"—Punch.



THE REV. MR. BLUSHINGTON (who has got into the Wrong Train as usual, and into a Ladies' Compartment by mistake—hurriedly): "I beg pardon, madam, is this the mail train?"

LADY (in confusion): "Yes, I believe so; they carry them in the other carriages lower down."

[The Rev. B. thinks it over for ever so long.]—Punch.

#### SHOOTING ROUND THE CORNER.

The following story is typical of the happy Hibernian art of shooting round the corner:

Lord L.—made a point of strictly cross-questioning his domestics as to their religious and political faith before he engaged them. While residing on his Irish estates a groom presented himself to be hired, but resolved beforehand not to compromise himself by any inconsiderate replies.

"What are your opinions?" was the peer's first demand.

"Indeed, then, your lordship's honour, I have just none at all at all."

"Not any! Nonsense! You must have some, and I insist on knowing them."

"Why, then, your honour, they are for all the world just the same as your lordship's."

"Then you can have no objection to state them, and confess frankly what is your way of thinking."

"Och! and it is my way of thinking you mane by my opinions? Why, then, I am exactly of the same way of thinking as Mr. Sullivan, your honour's gamekeeper; for says he to me, as I was coming down stairs, 'Tom Murphy,' says he 'I'm thinking you'll never be paying me that two-and-twenty shillings I lent you last Christmas was a twelvemonth.' 'Faith,' says I, 'Mr. Sullivan, I'm quite of your way of thinking.'"

#### A WONDERFUL NUGGET.

When California was first settled the precious metal was frequently found in nuggets. These were usually called lumps by the miners, and whenever one was found the lucky man's name was soon made known, and numbers of less fortunate ones would hasten to his shanty, either to congratulate him and get a sight of the nugget or endeavour to get him to sell part of his claim, or help work it on shares.

A miner who, with his wife, had long been located in the regions, and not been very successful, was one day presented by his wife with a bouncing baby, weighing twelve pounds. Some mischievous fellows started the story that Jim Marsden had found a twelve-pound lump. This intelligence, which was circulated about two weeks after the event, caused great excitement, for many believed the story; and two strangers called in at Marsden's house one day for the double purpose of seeing the lump and in hopes of effecting a bargain with Marsden. They reached the house, but Mrs. Marsden only was at home, when the following dialogue ensued:

"We were told that your husband has found a twelve pound lump."

"You were correctly informed," said she, seeing that the gentlemen were quite sincere, having been deceived by the story circulated, and she, being fond of a good joke, did not deceive them.

"Is he working the claim alone?" was the next question.

"Yes."

"Do you think he would sell a part of the claim?"

"I am quite sure he would not," was the quick reply.

"Nor work it on shares, madam?"

"No, sir."

"Has he the lump still?"

"Yes, sir."

"Can we see it?"

"Certainly; here it is," said she, uncovering the baby.

"Sold!" cried they, as they both ran out of the house.

#### MR. JONES AND THE LAWYER.

JOHNSON was a model lawyer, as the following anecdote will show:

Mr. Jones once rushed into his office in a great passion. "That scoundrel of a Smith has sued me, Mr. Johnson—sued for ten shillings I owe him for a pair of boots!"

"Then you owe him the money?"

"To be sure I do; but he's gone and sued me—sued me!"

"Then why don't you pay him if you owe him?"

"Because he's sued me! and when a man does that I'll never pay him till it costs him more than he gets. I want you to make it cost all you can."

"But it will cost you something too."

"I don't care for that. What do you charge to begin with?"

"A guinea; and more if there's much extra trouble."

"All right! there's the money. Now go ahead!"

No sooner was his client gone than Johnson stepped across to his neighbour Smith and offered to

pay the bill, on condition that the suit should be withdrawn. The shoemaker gladly acceded—all he wanted was his pay. The lawyer retained his fee, and as the case was not troublesome made no further demand upon his client.

Ten days after Jones came to see how his case was getting on.

"All right! said the lawyer. "You won't have any trouble about that. I put it to Smith so strongly that he was glad to withdraw his suit altogether."

"Capital!" cried the exulting Jones. "You've done it up brown! You shall have all my business."

#### THE TWO THRUSHES.

(A FABLE FROM THE SPANISH.)

A Thrush, whose venerable age Had served to make him shrewd and sage, His callow grandson thus addressed: "Come! leave awhile your idle nest, And try your wings, for once, with me; Such luscious grapes as you shall see Will surely give you great delight; Come on! 'tis but a moment's flight, To where an ancient vineyard lies, Whose wondrous wealth will gladden your eyes; I'll show you, lad, the very vines Whence Bacchus draws his choicest wines!"

Away they fly—the eager pair—Till, lighting on a vineyard where The grapes in purple clusters hung, As fine as ever poet sung,

"Fie!" sneered the youngster, "do you call Such things as these, so poor and small, Worth looking at? Just come with me, A little space, and you shall see A grape of such prodigious size

'Twill surely fill you with surprise—So large that one, upon my oath, Will make a dinner for us both!" With that he quickly led the way To where a common garden lay.

"See there!" he cries, and proudly shows, What wondrous thing, do you suppose? A calabash—which, all agree, The fool had taken for a grape!

#### MORAL.

The silly Thrush was just as wise As those who deem a volume's size (Despite its literary dearth) The real measure of its worth!

J. G. S.

#### GEMS.

ORDER makes even trifles appear graceful. Merit and good breeding will make their way everywhere.

He who truly wishes the happiness of any one cannot be long without discovering some mode of contributing to it.

Be always receiving or doing good. This will make your life comfortable, your death happy, and your account glorious.

A HEAD properly constituted can accommodate itself to whatever pillows the vicissitudes of fortune may place under it.

Do all in your power to teach your children self-government. If a child is passionate, teach him by patient and gentle means to curb his temper. If he is greedy, cultivate liberality in him. If he is selfish, promote generosity.

YOUNG couples, if they are wise, will not devote their honeymoon to merely amusing and caressing each other. Let them remember the pastrycook, who, when his apprentices first came, always gave them a surfeit of pies to ensure their subsequent indifference.

At a sale of pictures, the property of the late Mr. J. Young, a proof print, after Sir J. Reynolds, of "The Duchess of Gordon," for which Mr. Young paid £1, was sold the other day for 70s.

A curious discovery has been made in cutting a trench for the new railway from Aix to Marseilles. Near a place called La Rotonde the workmen came on a bed of fossil oysters, of very large size and oblong form and easily recognizable.

THE Shah of Persia has been pleased to confer the order of the Lion and Sun on Dr. Vincent Ambler in consideration of his eminent medical services as physician to the Persian Embassy. Dr. Ambler has already been decorated by the Sultan with the Medjidie, is a commander of the Order of Santa-Rosa, wears the Turkish and Crimean war medals, and is also physician to the Hospital for Diseases of the Heart and Paralysis, and surgeon-major to Prince Teck's regiment, the 1st Surrey Artillery.

ORANGE-RATING.—It is considered a disrespect to the climate of Florida not to dispose of at least

twelve oranges every day, and some travellers are obliged to eat eighteen or twenty a day to tone down their sweetness. There are more ways than one to eat an orange; and it is a curious study to note the different modes of warfare with that perverse article. An accomplished orange-eater cuts off half the skin, to bury himself, as it were, deeper and deeper every minute, and finally re-appears breathless; but victorious, only to renew the conflict with another.

#### HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

NEW REMEDIES FOR CHOLERA.—French physicians, as a rule, hold to the fungoid theory of cholera, and one of their number has been experimenting with the carbolate of ammonia in cases of cholera, so far, we learn, with encouraging success. One physician (Dr. Diez) looks upon carbolic acid as a prophylactic, to be used in the ordinary way of diet during epidemics. It is taken in the form of syrup. When a patient is attacked with cholera the syrup should be administered, and a dilute solution of the acid injected. In severe cases the doctor employs a syrup of carbolate of ammonia, with subcutaneous injections of the same; and he is so confident as to the efficacy of his remedy that, in cases where dissolution is impending, he injects a solution of the carbolate of ammonia directly into the veins.

#### STATISTICS.

COST OF THE COLONIES.—The net cost of the British Exchequer of the Colonies of the British Empire, after deducting any military contributions received from them, was 2,745,980*l.* in the financial year 1868-70, and had been reduced to 1,817,471*l.* in 1872-73. The cost of the military and maritime stations declined only from 1,366,080*l.* to 1,221,425*l.*; the main decrease of cost was in the plantations and settlements, or colonies proper. The cost to the British Exchequer of the Australian settlements declined from 215,400*l.* in 1868-70 to 58,097*l.* in 1872-73; of British North America from 676,789*l.* to 154,527*l.*; of the West Indies from 335,972*l.* to 266,577*l.*; of the West Coast of Africa from 103,114*l.* to 66,110*l.*; of the cost of the Straits Settlements and Labuan advanced from 53,338*l.* to 68,300*l.* Ceylon overpaid its cost by 4,713*l.* in 1868-70, and by 17,865*l.* in 1872-73. Of the whole, 1,817,471*l.*, the cost of the colonies in 1872-73, no less than 1,629,626 was for military and naval charges, chiefly occurring at military and maritime stations. The charge to the British Exchequer in respect of the Australian settlements was mainly for Western Australia, formerly a penal settlement, leaving less than 14,000*l.* charges (troops, pensions, etc.) in respect of the other Australian colonies. The charge for British North America is chiefly for military expenses in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. The charge for the West Indies, Straits Settlements, etc., are also chiefly for military services. The expenditure for convict services at Gibraltar and in Australia has always been included in this series of returns, although the expense is really for imperial purposes; the amount was 180,342*l.* in 1868-70, and 50,379*l.* in 1872-73.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

TELEGRAMS have reached Dundee intimating the failure of the seal fishing, most of the vessels engaged in the trade having got nothing.

BARON CLEASBY has bought the Penryn estate, near Brecon, comprising a mansion and about five hundred acres of land, for about 34,500*l.*

On the occasion of the visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to Sheffield the town proposes to bring out 20,000 children, so arranged that every child, from the least to the greatest, would be able to see and be seen.

THE South Kensington Museum has acquired two more casts of the famous bronze works from Hildesheim Cathedral—namely, the font and a curious pillar. The pillar is the workmanship of Bishop Bernward, of Hildesheim, who died in the 11th century.

It is stated that a discovery of iron has been made in Victoria which promises to become a most valuable one. The exact locality is for the present a secret, as the proprietors intend floating a small company to work the deposits. It is within seventy miles of Melbourne, and not more than a quarter of a mile from a main line of railway.

We regret to state that Sir J. Hawley expired the other day, at his residence in Eaton Place. The deceased baronet was very successful on the turf, having won the Derby four times—in 1851 with Taddington, 1858 and 1859 with Beadman and Musjid, and 1863 with Blue Gown. In 1847 he won the Oaks with Miami, and the St. Leger in 1869 with Pero Gomez. Sir J. Hawley won the Two Thousand in 1853 with Fitz Roland.

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## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Miss L.'s note will be attended to.  
G. W.—Our correspondents are accommodated without any charge.

JULIUS C.—There is a good deal of useful information about "tea" contained in a little pamphlet published by Jarrold and Son and entitled "Wholesome Drink."  
W. E. R.—The leader or master of the choir will no doubt arrange for the necessary and efficient instruction of all its recognised members.

A CONSTANT READER.—The police have jurisdiction in such matters, and they will doubtless interfere if they consider your complaint well founded on the subject.  
NORMA.—French, the theatrical publisher in the Strand Southampton Street, can in all probability supply you with a copy of the play called "Our American Cousin." Dundreary is the principal character in this play.

NINA DE CASTELLON.—As an attempt to remove the marks in question made either by yourself or by an amateur might be fraught with serious consequences to you you should consult a surgeon on the subject.

ROBERT G.—The particular qualification in which, according to your note, you are deficient is of the essence of the requirement; its absence cannot be supplied by the possession even of a thousand other qualifications of a different nature.

EARNEST INQUIRER.—Permit us to answer your letter by a well-known quotation—

"Neither a borrower nor a lender be,  
For loan oft loses both itself and friend;  
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry."

MISS L.—You might send a description according to the examples given week after week and thus try what would come of it. But you are doubtless aware that few things are to be had for the asking, and that to obtain a desired object much patient effort is often necessary.

J. C.—Dragon's blood, when pulverized, is of a bright red colour. In the varnish to which you refer the dragon's blood is the principal colouring matter, therefore it will not do to omit this ingredient. The varnish in question is applied with a brush in an ordinary way and will impart colour as well as gloss to white wood.

A CONSTANT READER.—Eggs are sometimes preserved by being floated in a liquid of lime and water, to which has been added some salt and cream of tartar. The quantities are as follows: One bushel of quick lime, two pounds of salt, half a pound of cream of tartar, the whole mixed with as much water as will cause the eggs, when placed in the mixture, to float with their tops just above the liquid.

G. D. asks "If a man goes under a tow-line, does he cross it?" We are inclined to answer No, because the verb to cross might mean to pass over. But, if while our viraculous friend was passing under the line, he was sufficiently intemperate to mark the line with the sign of the cross by means of a piece of chalk or otherwise of course he would go under the line and cross it at the same time. Is this the answer to the riddle me riddle me ree? If not, we are afraid we must "give it up."

W. S. B.—If you observe a French polisher at work you will perceive that he has a variety of bottles to which he applies now and again for moisture to rub on the wood, and you will notice that the rubbing is a very essential part of the performance. The bottles above referred to contain such ingredients as sassafras, copal varnish, digested or liquified shellac, mastic and sandarac, as well as rectified spirits of wine. But the enumeration of polishes will not supply you with the knack and judgment to use them, to obtain which many consider it necessary that an apprenticeship should be served.

J. G.—There is a school for telegraphy at 25, Conduit Street, Regent Street, London. Perhaps the occupation of a telegraphist, being commercial, affords to such young ladies as may adopt it a more certain and constant means of obtaining a livelihood than the occupation of a governess; but the suitability of a young lady for either position is a circumstance to be decided by those friends or relatives who have opportunity to observe the capacity, both intellectual and physical, of the person in whom they are interested. The handwriting is particularly good, but in the estimation of many, it would be even better if the distinction between the upstrokes and downstrokes were more marked.

R. S.—1. Words being signs of ideas, the different words affixed to the historical occurrence generally known as the Reformation by the different parties in the Church naturally represent the various estimation in which the same event is held by various parties. The Church of England does not expect a slavish and stereotyped agreement in opinion amongst her members. It has always been her boast that within certain limits she admits of certain divergences of opinion within her pale;

and as the word Catholic means universal the Church of England can be truthfully described as Catholic on account of the elasticity of her terms of membership. Her members would probably object to the latitudinarianism of Pope's couplet:

"For modes of faith let senseless bigots fight,  
He can't be wrong whose life is in the right."

But they are bound to hold fast by the declaration "The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life." The faith preached by Evangelists and the formalism inculcated by Ritualists are alike to be condemned if they are unaccompanied by the actual practice of good works. "By their fruits ye shall know them" is the knell for ever and for ever sounding in the ears of mankind. When a desire to obey the divine law is dominant in the mind of men, when the spirit of obedience is mingled with never-failing efforts to be kind and that knowledge of self in relation to other things and beings called humility, the dispositions of men thus influenced assume a wonderful likeness to each other, notwithstanding the different "isms" that may be added to their names. For these reasons we attach but little importance to the controversies to which you have called attention. Of course every man has his "ism" and defends it as best he can, but the colour of the banner under which he fights does not absolve him from allegiance to the cardinal admonition uttered by the Great Commander's representative who asked: "What doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly and to love mercy and to walk humbly with thy God?" The peculiarity of sincere religionists is this that, while some of their theories widely diverge, their practice is closely assimilated, and that practice consists in continued efforts to approximate their lives to the law of obedience and the law of love. 2. The poetry you have sent should be carefully supervised before it is sent to press.

## GRANDMA'S GARDEN.

You're peeping through the garden gate,  
Oh! precious little curly-pate;  
And I shall see you by-and-by  
With cunning air and fingers sly  
Undo the latch and slip inside;  
Then toward the sweetest blossoms glide,  
"To smell the posies," so you'll say—  
Ah! rogue, you'll take a rose away.

Full five-and-twenty years gone by,  
Another archin just as sly  
And just as sweet and brown and bold,  
With just such looks of curling gold,  
Would watch to find my curtain down,  
As if he feared my slightest frown,  
Then pluck the prettiest flower and run—  
That was your father, naughty one.

As time passed on the lad grew meek  
And then my full consent would seek,  
Thus, by his manliness and grace,  
He gained my trust, the cunning youth.  
He had a queenly rose in view  
That in my household garden grew,  
And soon the blooming flower he won—  
That was your mother, little son.

M. A. K.

A CONSTANT READER.—The will of a deceased person is usually found in the registry of the district in which the person had his or her usual place of abode. The London Registry is now at Somerset House. You can search there any day, Sundays and holidays excepted. But the will may be in the York or some other registry, in which case you must seek till you find, if you are so inclined. The General Registry for births, being a comparatively modern institution, will not contain the entry of a birth that occurred 77 years ago. To procure the certificate of such a birth or baptism the best course to take is to apply to the parish clerk of the neighbourhood where the person was born or spent his early days. The expense of all these proceedings is uncertain.

BLUE BELL.—1. The London daily morning newspapers would answer your purpose. 2. The fashion you refer to is only moderately prevalent, it is far from being universally followed. 3. On ordinary occasions young ladies retire to rest between 10 and 11 p.m. and rise between 7 and 8 a.m. 4. The constitutional walk is usually taken early in the forenoon. 5. No. 6. A red nose is often indicative of poorness of blood and consequently of weak health. The system then requires tonic medicines, bracing habits and good, wholesome food. 7. Sedentary habits and high living have a tendency to produce stoutness, strong walking exercise and temperance are favourable to slenderness. But stoutness and slenderness are for the most part constitutional. They may be modified by regimen but cannot be always radically altered. 8. The handwriting seems disguised and the errors of spelling appear to be intentional.

EMMA M., twenty-one, medium height, fair, light brown hair, gray eyes, would like to correspond with a dark young man, about twenty-two; a mechanic preferred.

DARK-EYED ADA, twenty-two, passable in looks, would like to correspond with a respectable tradesman who is fair and tall; she thinks she would make a loving wife.

JACK OUTSIDE THE LIFT, a seaman in the Royal Navy, tall and fair, good tempered and loving, would like to correspond with a young lady about twenty; she must be fond of home, and loving.

PATTY, seventeen, tall, dark brown hair and eyes, domesticated and fond of home, wishes to correspond with a tall young man about twenty-three, who is steady and fond of home; a mechanic preferred.

YARDARM FURLEER seaman in the Royal Navy, middle height, good tempered and loving, wishes to correspond with a young lady with a moderate income, as he has just been paid off; a country girl preferred.

LITTLE BOBBY, flying royal yard man, considered good looking by his captain, wishes to correspond with a little girl about nineteen with a view to matrimony; she must be fond of home.

A. T., a seaman in the E. N., twenty-three, 5ft. 7in., fair and good looking, would like to correspond with a young lady, about twenty, who is good looking and domesticated; a native of Liverpool preferred.

FANNY S., eighteen, not very tall, with gray eyes, light brown hair and rosy cheeks, wishes to correspond

with a fair young man about twenty; a coachman preferred.

BERTIE, twenty-one, tall, blue eyes, light hair, and has an income of five hundred a year, would like to correspond with a young lady about eighteen, who would make a home happy.

C. P., twenty-three, medium height, dark brown hair and eyes, and considered good looking, wishes to correspond with a respectable connected young lady that would make a loving wife.

T. F., twenty, light blue eyes and auburn hair, considered handsome, would like to correspond with a young lady about his own age with a view to matrimony; she must be loving and fond of home.

NELLIE GRAY, medium height, rather fair, with light brown hair and gray eyes, would like to correspond with a dark young man, about twenty, with a view to marriage; a gardener preferred.

ADA KATE, nineteen, rather tall, dark brown hair, hazel eyes, rosy cheeks, would make a loving wife, wishes to correspond with a fair young man, about twenty-one, with a view to matrimony; a coachman preferred.

ARTFUL POLLIE, twenty, tall, blue eyes, rather fair, chestnut hair, of an amiable disposition, would like to correspond with a gentleman with a loving heart; he must be good looking and fond of home, and not older than twenty-one; a painter preferred.

FRED B., twenty-two, 5ft. 5in., wishes to correspond with a dark, good looking young lady, about nineteen, with a view to matrimony; he is fair, rather good looking, and thinks he could make a loving husband to one that would make a home happy.

WILHELM, eighteen, would like to correspond with a young Scotchman with a view to matrimony; she has golden brown hair, dark eyes, is considered exceedingly pretty by all her friends, and is fond of home and music.

YARDARM REEFER, a seaman in the E. N., considered good looking by the forecote men, blue eyes and auburn hair, a luxuriant growth of whiskers, wishes to correspond with a London girl with a view to a speedy marriage; she must be all that is required to make a home happy.

DOROT BOR, a sailor in the Royal Navy, eyes blue and complexion fresh, 5ft. 6in., considered good looking by his messmates, wishes to correspond with a young lady about nineteen, fond of music and dancing, loving and good tempered and fond of home; an Irish girl preferred.

FLYING DOWNHAUL, a seaman in the Royal Navy, wishes to correspond with a young lady with a view to matrimony; he is twenty-two, 5ft. 4in., has light hair, blue eyes, and is called good looking by his top mates. Respondent must be about nineteen, fond of home and music, and able to make a sailor's home happy.

NELLIE and ANNIE, two respectable young women, are desirous of meeting with two respectable young tradesmen for husbands. "Nellie" is twenty-one, tall, genteel, brown hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, very industrious, could make a husband and home comfortable. "Annie" is nineteen, brown hair, dark eyes, fair complexion, very nice looking, and fond of home and children.

## COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED.

JESSIE by—"Tom B.," twenty-nine, tall, fair, of strict integrity and good intentions.

WOODBINE by—"Happy George," who thinks he is all she requires.

SELINA by—"H. A.," twenty-six, tall, dark complexion, fond of music, and earns from three to four pounds a week.

HAPPY EMILY is responded to by—"Charles Henry," twenty-six, of light complexion, and in favourable circumstances.

SHAMROCK by—"Wicked Nelly," twenty, dark, good looking, affectionate disposition, fond of music and a good home, and could readily love a sailor.

ASH BUCKET by—"Violet," twenty-three, dark, of a loving disposition, good tempered, fond of home and could love a stoker that would appreciate a good wife.

WALTER and DAVID by—"Selina and Rose." "Selina" has fair hair, dark eyes, and is nineteen. "Rose" has dark hair, blue eyes, and is seventeen. They are of medium height, fond of home and a seaman.

ORLETT D. by—"Sally," twenty-one, tall, dark, fond of music and dancing; and by—"Isabella L. W.," twenty, medium height, dark complexion, fond of dancing, singing, and music.

MARY by—"A. F.," twenty-five, medium height, of a somewhat dark complexion, and is well educated; and by—"William," thirty, 5ft. 8in., dark complexioned, not bad looking, a clerk by occupation. He would make her a real, true, loving husband.

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We cannot undertake to return Rejected Manuscripts. As they are sent to us voluntarily, authors should retain copies.

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